

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

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Art. I.—*Remains of Alexander Knox, Esq.* In two Volumes. 8vo.
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OUR readers will be in some degree prepared, by our recent review of the Correspondence between Mr. Knox and Bishop Jebb, for the extraordinary character of these volumes. Those who can take delight in conversing with an independent and masculine *thinker*, although his sentiments may be to them a foreign dialect of thought,—who can derive instruction from opinions they see no reason to adopt, yet which claim to be admitted in qualification of the truths they hold,—those who wish to study Truth in all its phases, and to detect the sources of error, which are always found in the immediate neighbourhood of cognate truths,—as rivers flowing in opposite courses often take their rise in the same ridge or mountain plain,—in a word, readers who seek to exercise and inform their minds, rather than to gratify their self-love or pride of opinion, will not be disappointed of the high intellectual repast they will anticipate in these volumes. To be perused with advantage, they must not be taken up in the spirit of controversy, for what polemic was ever disposed to allow their due weight to the opinions of his opponent? Much, very much that is controvertible will be found in the statements and sentiments contained in Mr. Knox's papers. He sank his shaft deep into the mines he explored, but he was too negligent or impatient in assaying what he brought up, and consequently, he seldom presents us with the precious ore free from earthy admixture. His intellectual range was lofty, rather than comprehensive. The current of his thoughts ran more deep than clear. He is any thing but superficial, yet there are *shallows* every now and then in his reasoning; and—his own language (in his first

letter) suggests the figure—he seems to pour forth his thoughts with the force, but with the irregularity and the involuntary rapidity of a torrent. ‘Except I am stopped and questioned,’ he says, ‘I am apt to *roll on*, without due attention to distinctions which I perceive myself, and therefore, I think, perhaps, that those whom I talk to will perceive them too; an error which I would gladly avoid, if my infirmities permitted me.’ This sentence seems to us highly characteristic of the Writer. In another letter, he refers to his ‘frailty of memory’ as the cause of an occasional incoherency in his writing. While he was inditing one sentence, the preceding one would often have disappeared. (Vol. I. p. 336.) Thoughts would present themselves to his mind by a sort of inward vegetation; and he seemed to himself often to perceive ‘the novelty of the fresh shoot.’ This indicates a richly furnished and teeming mind, but not one accustomed to the more rigid and patient processes of analysis. In another letter he says: ‘I expand without intending it. This is a subject as extensive as it is deep. I can but give hints; but I hope these hints, in connexion with former hints, will be intelligible.’ (Vol. I. p. 184.) Nothing can better describe the general character of his compositions. Expansive and copious, his remarks are, after all, hints to be pursued by competent thinkers, aids and materials for reflection, rather than correct or finished disquisitions; but, as hints, they are always highly valuable; and the mind of the careful reader, if sometimes perplexed, cannot fail to be enriched with the treasures of knowledge and meditation here poured forth before him.

In many of these characteristics, Mr. Knox bears some resemblance to Coleridge; but, with inferior powers of imagination, and perhaps of reasoning, he was a more original thinker, and his style, easy, flowing, and often beautiful, marks the intellectual difference between his character and habits, and those of the Author of “*The Friend*,” who always seems in a maze of thought, bewildered with his own accumulations, and unable to distinguish his own day-dreams from realities. Mr. Knox was not the mere speculative philosopher, nor, though almost unrivalled in the charm of his conversation, a professional talker. For some years previous to the Union of Great Britain and Ireland, he was private secretary to Lord Castlereagh; and he was urged by that nobleman to embrace the offer of a seat in the first united parliament, as the representative of his native city of Derry. ‘With every qualification for a distinguished career in public life,—the life of politics, in which, for a time, he was actively engaged,—at the very moment when the prospects which that life presented, opened on him in their fairest views, his choice was made for a more immediate service of God, in the cultivation of revealed truth.’ In a letter to the late Mr. But-

terworth, he thus adverts to the circumstances which had determined his renunciation of those brilliant prospects, and given the direction to his future pursuits.

‘In me, a series of providential circumstances, for which I have infinite cause to be thankful, has favoured the growth (of principles) in a peculiar manner ; it being my lot, to have no rival object ; and it being the good and gracious pleasure of God, to spare no pains, in breaking up, and bettering, the ground of my mind and heart. In fact, no one can owe more to the great husbandman than myself ; for, most certainly, I would not exchange the mental garden, with which he has been pleased to enrich me, for any or all the delights of the Eden of our first parents. I am aware, that an honest looker on might think it right to warn me against being too much pleased with the branches and the foliage, so as not sufficiently to look for fruit. But, I humbly hope, such a censure would arise from the truth of the case not being perfectly apprehended ; and that, in fact, if the fruit were not there also, my satisfaction would be very small. Besides, though the leaves of the tree of knowledge serve too often, still, for a covering to the serpent, the tree of life has its leaves too ; and even those leaves are for the healing of the nations. It is this tree, most assuredly, that I wish to cultivate : for, as far as my own weakness has allowed, I have already found in it, all that, united, which made the olive tree, the fig tree, and the vine, in Jotham’s parable, refuse to go, to be promoted over the trees. I seem to myself, to have made something of a like refusal, in turning away from political life, and choosing my present retired course ; and, as I never have yet, so, I believe assuredly, I never shall wish to recall that preference.

‘I think it not impossible, but that the very pleasurable, and, I hope, somewhat profitable, speculations with which my mind is entertained, almost continually, may be a gracious compensation to me, for that shadow of a sacrifice which I appeared to make ; but I might more truly say, the prudent and happy choice which I was enabled to exercise. Solomon made a choice which pleased God ; and the highest intellectual pleasures were a great part of his reward.’

‘The serious truth is, I value what God has done for me, in giving a certain direction to my thoughts, next to what, I trust, he has done for my heart ; because I more and more find, that the wise exercise of the understanding, is indispensable to progress in the spiritual life. An unoccupied mind is likely, soon, to be an ill-occupied mind ; and they who do not learn to think of divine things, will soon come to feel them less, if they continue to feel them at all. In the generality of cases, vital religion begins, undoubtedly, in sensation. The infant Christian tastes of the heavenly gift, the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come. But the divine life will not thus advance. It must, as in the natural case alluded to, proceed, from what is merely sensitive, to what is rational. The milk must be superseded by strong meat ; and, what originated in pure feeling, must grow to maturity by superadded reflection ; they of full age being, according to St. Paul, those only, “who have their senses exercised, by reason of use, to discern both good and evil.”

‘ I allow that, in this advancing process, leisure, and an intellectual habit of mind, may, through God’s blessing, be eminently beneficial ; and, other things being equal, they who improve those providential benefits, will be, proportionately, possessed of the maturity which St. Paul has described, in the few, but full, words just quoted. But, what I am speaking of, is, notwithstanding, the deep concern of all Christians who can understand the subject. He who cannot reflect, and can only feel, must, of course, remain a babe all the days of his life ; and if, “ in wickedness,” he be also “ a child,” he will not suffer on account of defects, which were his misfortune, not fault ; but, whoever can think, is bound to think as a Christian. He who can be intellectual in any worldly way, is called to be, also, spiritually intellectual. In outward things, we must give alms of such things as we have, in order to their being clean to us ; and, in inward matters, we must, equally, give a portion of every faculty we have, to things spiritual and divine, in order to our using it prosperously, or even safely, on common objects. Nay, if we have mind at all, we clearly do not love the Lord our God, as we are commanded to love him, if we do not love him with our mind, as well as with our heart, and soul, and strength.’ Vol. I. pp. 167—170.

Such was the man—these paragraphs furnish his moral portrait—whose retired meditations on the highest and most important of all subjects are here laid before the public. None of them were committed to the press in the Author’s life-time, nor were any of them prepared for publication. This circumstance, in addition to the considerations already suggested, would be sufficient to disarm our minds of any acerbity of feeling towards such a Writer. The contents of the volumes are as follows :

Volume the First. I. On Christianity as the Way of Peace and True Happiness. II. On the Situation and Prospects of the Established Church. III. Letter to Joseph Butterworth, Esq., on the System of Wesleyan Methodism. IV. V. Two Unfinished Letters to the Same, on the Advantages of an Establishment, and other topics. VI. To the same, on the Advantages of Mental Cultivation. VII. To Joseph Henry Butterworth, Esq., on the line of study to be pursued by him. VIII.—XI. Four Letters to Daniel Parken, Esq., on Justification, on Mysticism, and on the Leading Principles of Christianity, as elucidated by Events in the Christian Church. XII. On the Parables contained in the xiiith chapter of St. Matthew. XIII. Remarks on Mrs. Barbauld’s Essay on Devotional Taste. XIV. The Doctrine respecting Baptism held by the Church of England.

Volume the Second. I. On Matthew v. 13, 14. II. On the leading Design of the Christian Dispensation, as exhibited in the Epistle to the Romans. III. On Redemption and Salvation by Christ, as exhibited in the Epistles to the Romans and the Hebrews. IV—VI. Prefatory Letter, Treatise, and Postscript on the Use and Import of the Eucharistic Symbols. VII. On Divine Providence. VIII. On the Mediatory Character of Christ as subsisting in Our

Lord's Manhood and Flesh. IX. On the Nature of our Salvation through Christ. X. Appendix.

We regret to observe that there is no index; an unpardonable deficiency, which we hope to see supplied in the event of a future edition.

The first paper (like most of the others, an epistolary disquisition, referring to a previous conversation) has for its main object, to prove, that 'the true Christian life is not only an inward and spiritual life, but a virtuous, peaceful, happy life; victorious over the world and over sin, in every instance that is necessary to continued peace of conscience and filial access to the Father of Spirits.' The cold, low, unenergetic notion of Christianity, which is all that the most admit, is, Mr. Knox remarks, 'really below Cicero in moral matters, and far below Plato as to the contemplative action of the mind.' In a variety of passages cited from Horace, it is shewn, how even enlightened heathens could express the longings of human nature for such a state of moral victory and mental peace as Christianity proposes, and is alone adequate to produce. 'The very highest flight of Horace's fancy did not rise above St. Paul's Christianity,' which 'realizes not only the philosophical speculations, but the poetical dreams of mental happiness.' St. Paul's daily, hourly feeling was a happy one, the *animus æquus* of Horace, a confirmed habit of contentment: it was, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." These observations introduce the following just and valuable strictures upon the statements of a writer who ranks high in the estimation of many as a theological authority, but who is too much chargeable with that spirit of rationalizing which reduces Christian ethics to a cold and barren philosophy.

'It is to be lamented,' says Mr. Knox, 'that too many writers, who imagined themselves the truest church-of-England men, have almost entirely overlooked this felicitating influence of our divine religion. They have considered the Christian system as so imperceptibly efficacious, that he who walks in their path is to hope for no other comfort or happiness, than that which naturally grows out of his own progressive endeavours. "Whatever grace," says Dr. Scott, in his Christian life, "the Spirit of God now affords us, it ordinarily works on us in the same way, and after the same manner, as if all were performed by the strength of our own reason; so that, in the renovation of our natures, we cannot certainly distinguish what is done by the Spirit, from what is done by our reason and conscience co-operating with him." (Vol. iii. p. 80.) If Dr. Scott meant, merely, that the Spirit of God, in the act of influencing, is not certainly distinguishable from the natural motions of our own minds, or animal spirits, no sober Christian could dispute the position. But his expressions go further, and seem to imply, that the effects are as indistinct as the operation,—we can-

not distinguish what is done by the Spirit from what is done by our "reason and conscience." Much of the same kind is Bishop Watson's assertion, in his address to persons confirmed. "The manner," says he, "in which the Holy Spirit gives his assistance to faithful and pious persons, is not attended with any certain sign of its being given; it is secret and unknown. You cannot distinguish the working by which He helpeth your infirmities, from the ordinary operations of your own minds." (Dublin edition, p. 14.)

'But, on this view, would it not be reasonable to ask, what does Christianity do for us? or wherein consists its value, if it produces no perceptible effects? We have reason and conscience inherent in our nature, and we can form a pretty clear estimate of what they are competent to effect, by reflecting on what passes in our own bosoms. If, then, the additional influences of God's Holy Spirit bring with them no additional effects, no certain sign of their being given, what benefit do we derive from our Saviour's coming into the world? What is that rest which he promised? that "well of water" within the soul, "springing up into everlasting life"? what that "peace of God which passeth all understanding"? How, indeed, could it pass any understanding, if it were not to be distinguished from what is done by reason and conscience? Or what meant our divine Redeemer, when he said in his last discourse, "He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him"? This was beyond the comprehension of the apostles, and, therefore, one of them asked, "Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world?" If, therefore, the expressions used by our Saviour had really meant nothing but the comfort arising from enlightened reason and a tolerably quiet conscience, now would be the time for so stating the fact. But the answer repeats the foregoing assertion, in terms still less capable of any cold, or merely rational construction. "If any man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." Nay, more, as if our Lord considered the spiritual happiness which these elevated expressions represent, as the grandest object he could propose to excite the warmth of cold and languid minds, he almost uses the very same idea, in his apocalyptic message to the angel of the church of Laodicea:—"Behold," says he, "I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open unto me, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me."'

Vol. I. pp. 19—21.

After citing some other striking passages of Scripture descriptive of the spiritual blessedness of the Christian, Mr. Knox supposes the question to be started, How are we, taking these expressions literally, to preserve 'the rationality of religion, and to obviate enthusiastic perversion.' To this he replies, that 'there can be no need to abate the strength of any of these expressions in order to guard them from fanatical abuse.'

'On the contrary, I rather think that attempts of that kind have peculiarly served the cause of Fanaticism. The jejune interpretations

of such writers as those mentioned above, have so evidently fallen below the force and fulness of the text, as to make their comment a kind of concession to fanatics, that Scripture, in its strict sense, was really with them. In order, therefore, to secure the rationality of Christianity, as well as its depth and energy, these passages, instead of being loaded or diluted, ought to be dispassionately investigated ; in the confidence, that the Spirit of God has suffered nothing to enter into the sacred volume, of whose clear and uncoerced meaning we need entertain any apprehension.' Vol. I. p. 26.

Can any thing be more admirable than the wisdom and piety which dictate these remarks? In what follows, Mr. Knox seems to have anticipated, in some degree, the views of Mr. Erskine in his Essay on Faith. 'What,' he asks, 'is that high state of Christian attainments which the strongest of these texts describe, but *the being impressed with certain incontrovertible facts, to the degree and in the manner which, considering the interest we have in those facts, strict common sense would dictate?*'

'If the Gospel be true, it is a concern of such magnitude, as should in all reason be paramount in our minds; and the Gospel being indubitably and irrefragably true, its not being thus paramount implies the grossest and most irrational infatuation. But why has it not this ascendancy? St. Paul answers, "The animal man knoweth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned;" that is, the Gospel is diametrically opposite to the taste of depraved human nature; the unchanged, unpurified heart goes quite another way, and the understanding goes along with it; taste dictating to understanding, in almost every instance in this world. An inward influence of divine grace, therefore, is necessary, to dispel this delirious dream, to rationalise the mind, and to liberate the higher faculties from their captivity to the lower; to emancipate thought and ratiocination from that inner prison of sense, wherein their feet are, as it were, made fast in the stocks of appetite and passion. When this is once fully done, or in proportion as it is done, the facts of religion, as recorded in Scripture, and borne witness to by internal conscience and external nature, are apprehended as facts; and proportionably to their being thus apprehended, do they engage, and influence, and felicitate the soul. Reason and conscience informed the heathen sages, that there was a chief good of man, compared with which earth and all its seductive contents were very vanity. They saw, that this chief good implied predominant virtue in man; but they did not clearly, though some, in part, did see, that the soul of virtue is to love the living source of virtue. But to them, this living source of virtue was little more than undefined, as well as unapproachable brightness. This, however, is actually defined to us, in the Gospel, in a manner fitted, by the very skill of God himself, to attract, inform, and satisfy our minds; to operate, in the aptest way conceivable, on all our passions and affections; to subdue all that is evil in us; to quicken, exalt, and make ascendant, all that is rational and noble in us; to engage us in looking at

the things which are not seen, and to enable (us) to endure, as seeing Him that is invisible. The facts of the Gospel need only be fully felt, in order to these effects being produced. "We," says St. Paul, "beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image."

'What, then, is really the difference, between the merely rational, and the spiritual Christian? Is it, that the latter receives an hypothesis which the former rejects? I conceive not merely, nor chiefly, this; but, rather, that the one is more deeply impressed by the indisputable facts of Christianity, than the other. The one feels, while the other only reads or hears. Why was it that, through the death of the Son of God, the world was crucified to St. Paul, and he to the world? Clearly, because he apprehended this fact, in rational proportion to its weight and magnitude; and he who at this day is enabled, by the grace of God, to contemplate the same divine object with equal realisation, becomes inspired with the same holy temper. "Ye shall know the truth," said our Saviour, "and the truth shall make you free."—"Faith," says an apostolic writer, "is the *ὑποστάσις* (substance) of things hoped for, and the *ελεγχος* (evidence) of things not seen." What is this, but the apprehending of divine things as realities? He who finds himself in a storm on shipboard, needs not argue himself into alarm, nor strive to recollect all the various circumstances of danger. If, therefore, divine and eternal things do once impress themselves on the mind as facts, religion will grow out of that impression by a necessity of nature; and, in proportion to its strength, it will influence all the movements both of the inner and outward man.

'The making this impression, then, is the great operation of divine grace. Man cannot give it to himself; we are made sensible of this, times without number. When we wish to rise above worldly uneasiness, or to resist alarming temptations, we endeavour to call up stronger feelings of religion, as our sole resource: but experience tells us how little we can do in this way; and even our very endeavours are too often cold and half-hearted; we are conscious that, if our sense of God, of Christ, of heaven, and of hell was more lively, we should find it our best support, both against trouble and temptation. If, then, after many such ineffectual wishes and endeavours, we feel those things at length taking real hold of our mind,—so that the awful apprehension of eternal things, excites in us a salutary and effectual watchfulness, and the warm sense of the divine excellence engages and spiritualises our affections, raising them to high and heavenly objects, and, by that means, making us superior to temptations by which hitherto we were led captive,—this, I conceive, he who feels it, will never attribute to mere reason or conscience, or to any less cause, than His influence, who quickeneth all things.

'But, though it be divine, it is most rational. It is, indeed, a felt return to right reason, after phrenzy: "When he came to himself," says our Saviour of the prodigal: all before was infatuation. Now, for the first time, the mind begins to discover realities. It perceives, that its former insensibility to these was an absolute sleep of the soul, and that it only then awoke, when it became sensible of them. In

such feelings, then, the genuine religion of the Gospel commences; and, as the matter-of-fact persuasion of divine things increases, it increases, also, until all painful conflict is put an end to, by the decided ascendancy of spiritual objects and attachments.' Vol. I. pp. 27—30.

'The radical, substantial disagreement, then, between 'the merely moral Christian and the *experimentalist*', Mr. Knox proceeds to argue, is, 'that the former has a weaker sense of the religious facts recorded in the Scripture, than the latter. If these be felt only as they should be, the consequences are infallible.* And this in spite of all mental diversities, because *the influential facts of the Gospel are ineffably adjusted to all possible minds.*' Further on, another essential difference between the merely rationalising and the spiritual Christian is pointed out: 'the one is not, the other is, a man of prayer'.

'Happy is he who so despairs of his own efforts as to expect support and establishment only through means of prayer. By such a course, he brings himself into the presence of God; and in that presence, sin appears exceeding sinful. Outward reformation will not avail there: "If our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things." Prayer, therefore, excites tenderness of conscience,—whose language is, "Search me, O God, and prove me; look well if there be any way of wickedness in me." Thus, the depth and variety of the disease being more and more felt, the least degree of effectual aid will be felt also. He prays thus earnestly, because he feels that there is no health in him; and, consequently, when any better feeling springs up in his heart, he is all alive to it. A change of heart is his object; and every tendency to such a change, every symptom of softened, spiritualized feelings, is to him more precious than the wealth of worlds. It is in prayer—whether it be in the closet or in the heart—that such emotions are chiefly felt; and the emotions themselves, if genuine, have the very character of prayer in them. In fact, the spirit of prayer is the spiritual Christian's element: were this to be extinguished, his mind would be like the animal in the exhausted receiver. A sense of God, and of divine things, is that to his soul, which animation is to his body; and the habitual devotion of the heart is, in spiritual life, what the action of the lungs is in corporeal life; as Herbert beautifully says,—"*God's breath in man returning to its birth.*" Faith, therefore,—that divine and yet most rational faith already described,—acts most radically by prayer; and in this way, chiefly, it generates love, and also strengthens itself. To him who "prays to God always," divine objects become more and more impressive on the mind and heart,—which is the growth of faith; as well as more and more attractive to the imagination and affections,—which implies advance in love. Prayer, therefore, must be the chief nourishment of that religion which St. Paul makes essentially to consist in faith working by love.

* This approaches, in form, to a truism; yet, how far is it from being a generally recognised truth!

“That method of strengthening faith,” says Addison, “which is more persuasive than any other, is an habitual adoration of the Supreme Being, as well in constant acts of mental worship, as in outward forms. The devout man does not only believe, but feels there is a Deity; he has actual sensations of him; his experience concurs with his reason; he sees him more and more, in all his intercourses with him; and, even in this life, almost loses his faith in conviction.” (Spect. No. 465.) Is there, then, any comparison, on the whole, between the merely rational, and the spiritual Christian? between the cold, superficial, unsuccessful strivings of the one, and the animating, heart-engaging, efficacious devotion of the other? How weak, on the one hand, is that man’s support, how limited his resources, who knows no aid, beyond the natural effect of his own reasonings and his own exertions! How consolatory *his* views and reflections, who knows, from his own experience, that, if he be not wanting to himself, his habitual sense of divine things is always capable of being so quickened, as to make him equal to any trial, superior to any calamity; and that his faithful and earnest prayers for such assistance can never be wholly ineffectual! He is, on the contrary, accustomed to such happy excitations; therefore, he goes with filial confidence to the divine mercy-seat, for “grace to help him,” whether against sin or suffering; and the results are such as to satisfy him, more and more, that he is actually within the sphere of God’s paternal influences, and a participant of that divine, unextinguishable, beatific life, whose source is hid with Christ in God.’ Vol. I. pp. 43—45.

We have not been able to refrain from making these copious extracts from this admirable paper, in which we find scarcely an expression to object to. The doctrine of Christian perfection, thus Scripturally and philosophically unfolded, must commend itself to every pious believer, whether he be a follower of St. Austin and Calvin, or of Chrysostom, Macarius, and *Wesley*. This paper is dated January, 1805. The order of time has not been attended to in the arrangement of the contents of these volumes, for the next article is dated June, 1816. We pass it over for the present, to introduce some remarks in accordance with the above views, which occur in the first letter to Mr. Butterworth, (an epistle occupying 100 pages,) dated Sept. 1807.

This communication appears to have been drawn forth by a remonstrance from his correspondent, occasioned by Mr. Knox’s having (as was supposed) used his influence in bringing over a Methodist class-leader to the Establishment. His explanation leads him to enter into a full exposition of his sentiments respecting Methodism as a system, and of his personal obligations to Mr. Wesley and Methodist teaching. Mr. Knox states, that, for his first religious impressions, he was indebted, not to the teaching of the Methodists, but to his own mother, who, when severe affliction came upon him, urged him to pray, and to read the “Pilgrim’s Progress.”

‘Thus,’ he says, ‘a feeling grew up in me, which years of subsequent deviation did not wholly destroy. When this feeling was more strongly revived in me, it was through the hand of God himself; who, without the intervention of human means, wakened me from the sleep of my soul in a moment. Then, I own, I received some aid, not to be forgotten, through a Methodist preacher. In deep misery of mind, I went to talk with one who was near, and while he talked with me, the painful hardness I felt within relaxed, and a disposition to pray sprung up in me, which I have never since lost. After this, I often attempted to get good by means of the Methodists; but in that single instance (only) could I note any express benefit. Indeed, it seemed to me rather to be otherwise. The methods of Methodist piety were so much pointed to present effects, to the producing something *now*, that they seemed, when at all resorted to, to disturb my animal spirits too much.’ Vol. I. p. 70.

Giving the Methodists ‘all credit for making first impressions,’ Mr. Knox says, ‘I cannot regard them as equally fitted for leading the true Christian onward. In theory, I own, they ‘maintain Christian perfection’; but ‘they seem to me to have ‘been much better witnesses for the truth of the thing, than ‘guides to the possession of it.’ The Methodist system he conceives to have in it ‘too much of a kind of bellows-blowing method, which is always in danger of degenerating into self-pleasing, and which also, perhaps, retards the progress to perfection, by infusing *an infectious and excessive preference of ‘social piety.’* This, we must recollect, is the language, not, indeed, of an unsocial recluse, but of one who, nevertheless, was intellectually separated from the very society he mixed with; a literary hermit, dwelling alone in the retirement of his thoughts, and coming forth, not to converse with men, so much as to talk to them; a man whose feelings and opinions seem to have been in a very small degree governed by his sympathies. To such an individual, social worship and public instruction might seem to be not so well adapted to impart either pleasure or profit, as to the generality of persons, who need both the excitement and the aid of the public institutions and ‘the communion of saints.’ Mr. Knox speaks of feeling something of ‘comparative exterioration ‘in most of the more public means.’ They ought not, on this account, he admits, to be disrelished; but to a person much occupied in inward converse with God, they will seem ‘more ‘like recreations and pleasant exercises, than means of grace.’

‘Not but that sermons of a wise advanced Christian, into which the rational warmth of his own heart would be transfused, and in which the depths of experimental holiness would be feelingly laid open, would be most *noble aids*; but *how rare are these instances!* And even these would have their chief effect, by whetting the appetite for that yet more interior work which the mature Christian carries on for himself, in the secret of his own heart.’ p. 67.

The true character and end of the work of the ministry could not be more accurately described; and the infrequency of the requisite qualifications in those who sustain the pastoral office, makes nothing against the adaptation of the public means of grace to its proper design. That there is a considerable degree of force in Mr. Knox's remarks upon the effects of the Methodist system, we cannot but strongly suspect; nor is the danger confined to any one section of the religious world, of an excessive preference of social piety, to the neglect of the interior work of the closet. We cannot, however, but remark, that had Mr. Knox been better acquainted with the system and the practice of the English Nonconformists, he would not have been at a loss for illustrations of a ministry specifically directed to the perfecting of the believer in every spiritual attainment.

The 'methods of Methodist piety,' we can easily conceive to have been ill suited to a man of Mr. Knox's independence of mind, to his 'habit of self-direction,' or his intellectual taste. On the other hand, his theological views almost identified him with the Wesleyan Methodists. 'I never,' he says, 'called Mr. Wesley Rabbi'; and he mentions having addressed to his 'old friend,' so far back as about the year 1793, a long letter on what he deemed crude and intelligible in the Methodist mode of speaking of faith.

'Still,' he says, 'I must express my persuasion that, in the very pith and marrow of Mr. Wesley's views, and in matters which through life he most prized, most dwelt upon, and which lay nearest his heart, there is not one of his own nominal followers who agrees with him more identically than I do; and I must add, that at this day there are none I meet, except a few of my own intimate friends, that agree with me more perfectly than wise, pious, experimental Methodists.' p. 72.

Mr. Knox cites with approbation a remark of Mr. Wesley's, that the same teachers have hardly ever equally excelled in teaching first principles and in leading on to perfection. 'In fact,' he says, 'I think the two departments have required hitherto two sets of workmen,—foundation men and superstructure men; the former teaching how to become Christians, the latter teaching what Christians should become.' John Smith, and divines of his stamp, he considers as coming under the latter description: and he characterises that learned writer as 'a noble superstructure man, but a poor layer of foundations.' We need not say that in this we agree with him; but we must protest strongly against the justness of the remark connected with it, that the Puritan Nonconformists were, though 'good foundation men,' 'poor hands at superstructure work.' The assertion must be regarded as indicating either the strength of

the Writer's prejudices, or his superficial acquaintance with Nonconformist divines. Yet he appears to have read many of their works. Baxter, indeed, he appears highly to appreciate, though he complains of his love of metaphysical subtilty. (Vol. I. p. 248.) Owen, we do not recollect that he even notices, nor Bates. The 'dry, metaphysical, yet often sublime John Howe,' is spoken of in a manner by no means worthy of Mr. Knox's discernment or candour. To say, (as he does at p. 249,) that 'Howe, among the Nonconformists, stands *next* to Baxter,'—to characterise the Author of the *Living Temple* as 'a valuable writer,'—would indicate, in most cases, only an incompetent judgement, a mind incapable of appreciating the lofty reach and peculiar attributes of Howe's master intellect; but we must find another reason for Mr. Knox's under-valuation of a writer who, above all others, unites clear views of justification with entirely just notions of sanctification, and in whose pages, the heavenly philosophy of the Christian life is exhibited in its most attractive aspect. Howe is, in fact, pre-eminent in superstructure work, yet without ever losing sight of the foundation or first principles. In the following passage, Mr. Knox gives his opinion, more distinctly, of the Nonconformist divines.

'Animated and impressive writers there have been, and none more so than among English Nonconformists; but, it is in what concerns conversion they excel. The substance of piety they well explain; but, in no instance that I know of, do they do full justice to its maturity. They write, in general, as to a weak and comfortless people; and seldom dare to look beyond a mediocrity of virtue and happiness. They, doubtless, recommend, urge, and highly value private duties; but, except Baxter, and a few like him, they do not give them their due eminence in the Christian life, nor dwell sufficiently on the happiness of having a secret converse with God, daily maintained, with which even fellow-Christians, the most nearly connected, in a sense do not intermeddle. Joseph Alleine, who had perfectly attained this himself, would fain have led others to it;—so would Richard Alleine, less seraphic than his namesake, but scarcely less sincere; so would Shaw; so would Matthew Mead (in a measure), in his "*Almost Christian*;" and so would the dry, metaphysical, yet often sublime John Howe. But, somehow or other, it was not their province; their sphere of teaching was a lower one. They rose, sometimes, to the very top of it, but could not go beyond it. Baxter, as I said, I always except; but, as to all the rest, (viewing them as teachers,) either what they valued was so outward and open, as not to give the necessary supremacy (necessary in order to perfection) to what is inward and secret; or they so adhered to the mediatory views which belonged to their notion of justification, as not to become sufficiently possessed of those ultimate truths which are essential to sanctification. They have, generally, had but partial views of the divine analogy of God's great plans; they have had low ideas of human nature; they have not understood, nor equally studied, the Scriptures. Therefore, though they have done what can-

not be too much valued, other workmen, who could do less in a way of main strength, but much more in a way of skill, have ever been requisite; and, through Divine wisdom and goodness, have never been wanting.' Vol. I. pp. 109—111.

In illustration of his too sweeping remark, that the same persons have rarely been equally clear in their views respecting justification and sanctification, Mr. Wesley has instanced Martin Luther, on the one hand, as uniting clearness respecting the former, with 'extreme darkness' respecting the latter; while 'two eminent Romish spiritualists', Francis de Sales and Juan de Castaneza, are referred to as exhibiting just the reverse. In a subsequent letter, Mr. Knox says:—

'I am acquainted with no modern writers by whom the energies of Christianity are so directly applied to their true purpose, as by thoroughly spiritual writers of the church of Rome They continually turn the view of the mind to our blessed Redeemer; and they point to him as an inward and spiritual saviour. They advert to him with as much cordiality as the most pious Calvinists; while they do so for a far higher purpose. It is his vitally influential Spirit within them, not his righteousness imputed to them, which they look for: they have no idea of any other salvation than that which frees from the slavery of sin, and gives the pledge and earnest of heaven to a man within his own purified bosom.' Vol. I. p. 245.

In this point of view, the Romish spiritualists may be considered as bearing a near resemblance to the followers of Barclay and Penn among the Protestants; and Mr. Knox himself, though at the antipodes of Quakerism in his tastes and habits, approached on all points, excepting the sacraments, very nearly, to the theological views of the Quakers. We say this not by way of reproach or depreciation, for assuredly that sect of Protestants are fully entitled to share in the encomium which Mr. Knox pronounces upon the teachers of sanctification within the Romish Church, while they are chargeable with the same deficiency.

This fact, however, ill accords with Mr. Knox's fanciful notion, that, of the two distinct classes of Christians, 'the teachers of sanctification have, at all times, and with few exceptions, been found in distinct individual saints' living within the pale of Popery or 'less corrupt establishments'; while 'the teachers of justification have almost as uniformly either been found in, or have proceeded from, or been connected with some' detached sect or 'body of associated Christians.' That the history of the Church affords some countenance to the ingenious remark, we may admit; but what is the true explanation, or rather, the correct statement of the fact? Popery, nay, Mohammedism has produced its saints, but has left the multitude involved in moral bondage and darkness. The teachers of sanctification may have

exhibited themselves a holy life, but their teaching has proved ineffectual to make others holy. The only reformers of society have been the teachers of justification. Mr. Knox seems to admit this, when, speaking of the former, he says :

‘ We meet (only) with what is limited in number, and what therefore could never have checked the torrent of vice which has flowed down from one generation to another ; nor do we meet with that contagious piety which strikes from breast to breast, and penetrates numbers at once ; as has been, perhaps, more or less the case in most of the associations of Christians, while in their first earnestness ; and in none, except at Pentecost itself, more pure, or more powerfully, than when J. and C. Wesley first began their truly wonderful career.’
p. 87.

Such associated bodies have always been, Mr. Knox admits, ‘ the working part of the Christian economy ; and to them, in *their wonderfully continued succession*, is to be attributed the ‘ quantity of true Christianity which has been kept up from age ‘ to age, in the visible Church.’ This concession (must we not deem it ?) is very striking ; and not less so are the subsequent observations, although we can by no means assent to the conclusion to which they are designed to lead.

‘ Besides, it was in this form, that Apostolic Christianity itself appeared ; and every successive social system, of the kind I am speaking of, has, during the season of its first purity, exhibited a sort of renewal of that which we read of in the Acts and Epistles. Here, therefore, in an eminent sense, “ the eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee ; nor the head to the feet, I have no need of you.”—Our Saviour himself has foretold, that, in consequence of first-invited guests refusing to come to the heavenly feast, a supply of persons, to fill the house, must be drawn from the streets and lanes of the city, and even from the highways and hedges. That is, as I conceive, so long as the wise, the educated, the providentially favoured, refuse to avail themselves of the blessings of the Gospel, the invisible Church must be kept up, in sufficient magnitude, from the ignorant, the illiterate, the indigent. Of these, sects and societies have been, as it appears, the appointed, and, certainly, the effectual, gatherers. They have been the bringers-home of prodigals ;—in a word, they have been the grand depositaries and dispensers of those influences of the Gospel, by which they who had been as sheep going astray, are brought back to the shepherd and bishop of their souls. I can truly say, both my head and heart are inclined to give them their full honour ; and to contemplate with delight, the successive harvests of genuine Christians, which they have been the means of gathering into the garner of God. Why, then, have I pronounced them a temporary and weaker part of the Divine economy of the Church ? I wish you here to understand me clearly ; because (as I have already observed) if I am right in my idea, the point is of infinite importance. I deem them the weaker part ; because, though they are powerful in numbers, yet they have never been

strong in principle. Mr. Wesley's incontrovertible observation, that they were heavenly-minded, so long only as they were persecuted, and that they began to love the world, so soon as they possessed it, evinces their radical want of strength; because it shows that, even in their best times, they were less indebted, for their well-being, to their principles, than to their circumstances. So soon as these changed, they themselves changed also; and, therefore, it seems, that, having been successively necessary to the great designs of Heaven, Providence so ordered, that, in every instance, affliction and persecution should attend, to keep them during the season of their appointed ministration. But, this being once accomplished, providential barriers have been removed; the common course of things has taken place; and the declensions described by Mr. Wesley, have as uniformly been the consequence.

But, how strictly correspondent was all this, with their views being confined to first principles! These are strengthened, instead of being shaken, by adverse circumstances. Persecution raises, at once, the babe in Christ, into a hero. If conversion be real, however crude or indigested the ideas, the subject of it is forthwith ready, perhaps then readiest, for cruel mockings or scourgings, for even bonds, imprisonment, or death; and, while these stimulants continue to operate, they keep up the flame. But, growth in grace,—the leaving first principles, and going on to perfection,—alone gives security against the deep, stealthy, insensibly growing evils of a prosperous condition. It is not fervency of affection, that will do here. This will be formed by circumstances; and, it will gradually yield to circumstances; and he in whom it has once grown languid, will, too probably, find himself at a loss how to get it revived again. He will, probably, feel regret, perhaps grief of heart, because it is not with him, as in times past. But, it will be well, if these sensations do not, by degrees, give way to very different ones; to the saying, in a still less wise sense than that of the Apostles, "it is good for us to be here." They, and they only, are proof against these seductions, who advance, from spiritual infancy, to full age; and "who, by reason of use, have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil." Vol. I. pp. 84—87.

Now, in all this, there is much undeniable truth; nor can any inquiry be more instructive than that which relates to the causes of the spiritual declension which has too generally attended times of external prosperity to the Church. But it does not appear to us that Mr. Knox has even stated the case with historic fairness. 'Riches and honour have produced their usual effects', in every age of the Church; and the history of the Church of Laodicea, inscribed on the page of prophetic inspiration as a perpetual warning, has been repeated in that both of established and of associated bodies. But in the midst of the corrupt establishments, Mr. Knox remarks, we find individual saints, in whom 'the power of Christianity to rise above prosperity has been as clearly exemplified, as, in the associated class, we have seen its triumphs over adversity.' These 'teachers of sanctification' have been strangers to open persecutions, and have become religious 'amid the very

'snares which have drawn other religious persons from their integrity.' But have not individual saints, equally eminent, shone forth amid the general declension of 'societies of the stricter sort'? Mr. Knox does not deny this; but he thinks that such instances cannot have been 'very numerous'; otherwise there would have been no room for the melancholy statements referred to, respecting the declension of the life and power of religion in the Puritan and Nonconformist bodies. But the question returns, Have such instances been very numerous, have they been more numerous, within the pale of Establishments? We confidently assert that they have not. The annals of Puritan and Nonconformist Biography will furnish as illustrious specimens of the power of religion in elevating above the temptations of prosperity, as adorn the hagiology of any other communion. Mr. Knox, however, strange to say, appears to regard it as one chief recommendation of ecclesiastical Establishments, that they present secular temptations and tests of virtue.

'It would really seem', he says, 'that the Church of England was peculiarly formed to be, among Protestant churches, the chief scene of this very kind of trial. *The dignities, titles, and emoluments of our Establishment obviously constitute as severe a test of virtue as the mind of man could well be tried by*; and that these objects minister fuel to the wrong passions of thousands, must be admitted. But have they not also been the means of raising many a mind to a higher pitch of self-conquest than could have been readily attained in less perilous circumstances? It is eminent excellence only that is a match for such temptations; and whatever calls forth its efforts, increases its strength.'

Vol. I. p. 89.

Admitting all that is here contended for, it may be asked, whether what corrupts the many, ought to be maintained because it tests and advances the virtue of the few? Surely, nothing more condemnatory of a religious institution can be affirmed, than that it 'ministers fuel to the bad passions of thousands,' and that its direct tendency is in harmony with the seductions of the world.

Within the Church of England, however, Mr. Knox conceives, we find a class of divines *sui generis*—'deeply deficient' in the explicit assertion of first principles, but exhibiting 'a rationality, an equality, a luminous cheerfulness, a sober elevation of mind, a peculiar liberty of thought, and an undaunted range of intellect; as if they fully felt, that there was nothing in Christianity to subjugate and control right reason, but every thing to elicit and ennoble it.' To this class he refers John Smith, Jeremy Taylor, Worthington, Whichcote, Bishop Patrick, Bishop Benson, and (though 'not a genuine specimen of the true Church of England school', his theology being 'an

'odd mixture of semi-Calvinism and Dr. Waterland's new views of regeneration, &c.') Archbishop Secker. The 'mere teachers of converting truth,' on the other hand, Mr. Knox contends, 'have, *with few exceptions*, been inflexibly solemn and severe; and if they are not impassioned, they generally become dry.'

'Tranquil ardour and calm animation are seldom their properties. It must be owned, that their special function does not tend to place them at their ease; their post being, like that of Aaron, (when the plague was in Israel,) "between the living and the dead." Besides, being much more impressed with the deep disease of human nature, than with its healthful capabilities, they think of true piety, only as of a continued conflict with natural corruption; and as an unequal progress (if a progress) in a slippery and difficult up-hill path, to which our entire nature is incurably adverse, and in which our hearts alone, without our enemies, are sufficient, ever and anon, to drag us backward. It is in these respects, especially, that the Church-of-England divines form a contrast. They admit, that our nature has become the slave of sin, and that nothing but the grace of God can disenthral it; but they maintain, also, that, when it is fully disenthralled, it feels that it has recovered its own proper state, and is restored to its own native element; in which it lives and moves, not as if transported into a foreign land, but as in the sphere which is congenial to all its radical tastes and faculties. This, that I have now mentioned, formed the great distinction between Augustine and Chrysostom; and to this day, it is that which gives a difference of character to the feelings, language, manners,—may I not add, even looks,—of their respective followers. My great comfort, on this point, is, that what is deep in Augustine may be united with what is sublime in Chrysostom.' p. 91.

Now we do not deny the distinction which is here described, as between two schools of theology; but we cannot admit either that the above representation is just in itself, or that the deficiency and obscurity of the views entertained by the teachers of sanctification on the subject of justification, gave them an advantage over the teachers of converting truth. In the first place, the individual exceptions which Mr. Knox recognizes among the latter, are sufficiently numerous to overthrow his theory. Howe, Baxter, Alleine, Mead, Shaw, and Sheppard, may be fairly opposed to the Church of England divines, as master-builders of the superstructure of the Christian life and character upon the foundation of first principles. Mr. Knox thinks, however, that these exceptions strengthen his position, inasmuch as the pious Puritan divines betook themselves to these 'higher views,' as a 'last means of checking a spirit of retrogradation and declension.' This is a supposition entirely gratuitous and unfounded. It may be true of individual preachers, that they have, in the commencement of their ministry, dwelt more upon first principles than after they attained to a deeper experience

and wider range of observation. That the doctrinal preacher should mature into an experimental one,—that old Baxter should in this respect differ from young Baxter, is no more than the natural effect of intellectual progress and spiritual growth. The same thing is continually taking place. How absurd, then, to look for the explanation of so ordinary a phenomenon in the state of religion at any particular time. In Baxter's complaints, in Sheppard's pathetic cautions, there is nothing expressed that would not have suited any period of the Church, any class of professing Christians. And we should find their predecessors, from Wycliffe downwards, holding similar language. It is quite erroneous to suppose that their admonitions and complaints were applicable only to 'associated Christians': they would have applied with still greater force, in many respects, to those within the Establishment. Were we, however, to concede, that the general character of the Puritanic divinity is too severe, and technical, and dogmatic,—that it is deficient in cheerfulness,—that it is darkened by the gloom of the times,—still, we could not admit that this character attached to the divines of this school as teachers of justification. By what writer has the grand article of the Protestant faith been more explicitly and fully maintained, than by Hooker? Yet, where shall we look for a brighter exhibition of 'unfettered, cheerful, luminous religion' than in his pages? Again, where shall we find the 'right temperament of the Christian religion' and the elevation of the Christian character more happily exemplified, than in the works and life of Archbishop Leighton, whose theology is decidedly Augustinian? Upon the whole, without denying that much that is edifying may be gleaned from the writings of the Romish and semi-Romish divines, we must contend, that the most instructive teachers of sanctification, not to say the only efficient ones, will be found among those divines, whether within the Establishment or among associated Christians, who have held the soundest views as to the first principles and foundation truths. We do not say that deficiency is not chargeable upon some or many of the teachers of justification; but we repeat, that among them we find the noblest teachers of all that belongs to the Christian life. Strange, indeed, would it be, if the fact were otherwise; since, in the doctrine of 'justification by faith' they possessed not only the very weapon of spiritual conquest, *the converting truth*, but that which is alone found to produce "the peace of God which passes understanding," and that perfect love which casteth out servile terror.

We cannot pass over Mr. Knox's observations upon Dr. Watts, whose character he seems to have completely mistaken. We should have thought that no one acquainted with

the Dr.'s sermons, would have styled him 'only a theologist of 'first principles'; nor is his 'sliding from devotional subjects 'into metaphysical researches' to be attributed to his nonconformist theology. The spread of Arian principles among the Presbyterian Dissenters of the last century, Mr. Knox would fain ascribe to their not being accustomed to the recitation of the Liturgy! Yet, he anticipates the objection,—a very reasonable one—'Why, then, did not the Establishment preserve its own 'native children from becoming Arians or Socinians? How did 'it come to have within it a Clarke and a Hoadley, formerly, or 'latterly, to send forth from it a Disney and a Lindsay?' To this question he can 'only answer, that there are minds which no 'circumstances will guard': which is no answer at all. The fact is, that modern Arianism sprang up within the Establishment itself, and thence the contagion spread to the colleges of the Dissenters. May we not say, that it was the natural product of the Arminian divinity of the Church of England school; the *next stage* of doctrinal declension from the faith of the Reformers? The 'deep deficiency' which Mr. Knox recognises in the divines of that school as teachers of evangelical truth, could not but lead to such further deterioration as the certain consequence. The most fatal errors consist in the negation of truths. Pelagianism and Socinianism are but different stages of the negative process which strips Christianity of all that cannot be made to square with the creed of the philosophic Rationalist. The doctrine of justification is the first that becomes vitiated as piety declines,—the first element to escape when the process of corruption has begun. The forms of orthodoxy may long retain their symmetry after the vital principle has fled; but at length, spiritual death must ensue.

On the other hand, as all doctrine is but a means to an end, and truth is but the instrument of generating life and restoring purity, whenever the proper *use* of a doctrine is overlooked or obscured, and the end lost sight of, that which is vital in the doctrine itself will escape and leave nothing but a barren dogma. This is the case with the doctrine of justification itself. If this first principle be made an ultimate one,—if the reception of this doctrine be viewed as an end, instead of the commencement of a restorative process,—religious declension must inevitably ensue. The greater part of men, as Howe remarks, 'care more to be 'pardoned for being bad, than to become good.' Now the preaching which allows men to deem themselves safe, as pardoned, when they have no desire to become holy, is a perversion of the Gospel not less fatal to its genuine influence, than that with which those teachers are chargeable who fall into the opposite error. But such was not the preaching of the Puritans and Noncon-

formists; and the declension of religion, of which we find them complaining, is, therefore, unjustly ascribed to their being mere preachers of converting truth.

Another feature which, Mr. Knox thinks, has distinguished associated Christians, is, 'a very general disposition to fix their views on the *mediatory* part of the Christian dispensation, to 'the comparative neglect of that which is ultimate.'

'They seem to prefer dwelling on the human nature of Christ, rather than on his divine. They, in a sense given to the words by John Wesley, "know Christ after the flesh"; and, therefore, they generally use the name Jesus without any honourable addition, (a thing rarely done by the apostolic writers in the Epistles,) rather than those appellations which designate him as the Lord of heaven and earth. In fact, their system is somewhat of a sensitive one; which is strictly congruous with its being so much a social system.' Vol. I. p. 125.

Mr. Knox does not speak of this, he says, as matter of blame: it may have been 'most suitable to the views of Providence.' We do not quite understand him. It is surely a matter of blame, if there be any deviation from the inspired standard, even in point of purity of religious taste; more especially if it results from dwelling exclusively upon partial views or certain aspects of truth. But again we must remark, that the fault referred to neither attaches distinctively to associated Christians, nor is chargeable upon them generally. It is chiefly in devotional poetry that we find Our Lord addressed by his human name, as equivalent to Saviour; for this is by no means the practice of the Nonconformist divines in their discourses or other theological writings. Now we find the very same use of the name Jesus, in invocation, among the Romish pietists; and we should say, that it is more the language of the closet, than of the sanctuary. It does not seem to us, however, that any class of orthodox Protestants can be described as dwelling too much on the human nature of Christ. On the contrary, an advantage has been given to the deniers of Our Lord's divinity, by the too prevalent error of merging the distinct apprehension of his person in abstract notions relating to his essential godhead. Upon this subject, we cannot do better than to introduce, in immediate connexion with the above citation, some admirable remarks which occur in Mr. Knox's letter to Mr. Parken, 'on the character of Mysticism.'

'As mysticism proceeds on the principle, not of engaging and employing, but of suppressing and annihilating our natural tastes and feelings, the thorough-paced mystic might find, in this contrariety to human nature, an argument in favour of his system, instead of an objection to its truth. I have only to express my joy, that no such argument can be adduced in favour of Christianity. . . . Christianity indispensably requires a dominion of our spirit over our animal

nature; but it makes no attempt to separate the former from the latter. . . . And how exquisitely suitable was the method adopted! The Incarnation. Animal nature was to be magnetized; to make the attraction infallible, Godhead takes our animal nature, in its noblest and happiest form, into a personal union; and, in that union, submits to, and combines, every conceivable circumstance that could tend to modify the moral energies of Deity, into the most powerful medicine, and the most invigorating food, for diseased and destitute man. God in Himself, could be the object of those faculties only, which belong to our purely spiritual nature; and to these, but in a limited measure, and under the greatest disadvantages. To most men, from predominant animality, such an apprehension would be uncongenial; and in whom could it have been so clear and powerful, as to have steadily counteracted the numberless subtle fascinations, as well as gigantic assaults, which we are daily liable to, in this mortal sphere? But what feeling, what susceptibility, what attractable or penetrable point, in even our sensitive soul, does "*God manifest in the flesh*," leave without its provision? St. Bernard speaks well; and yet he goes but a little way, when he says, "*Ego hanc arbitror præcipuam invisibili Deo fuisse causam, quod voluit in carne videri, et cum hominibus homo conversari: ut carnalium videlicet qui nisi carnaliter amare non poterant, cunctas primo ad suæ carnis amorem affectiones retraheret, atque ita gradatim ad amorem perduceret spiritualem.*" *

'Can Christianity, then, be made to consist in suppressing and annihilating, what its leading features so astonishingly provide for? Doubtless we are, above all other aims, to recognize Deity in the manifestation thus made to us:— "*Nec sic parvuli sunt lactandi*," says St. Augustine, "*ut semper non intelligant Deum Christum*;" but he adds, "*nec sic ablactandi, ut deserant hominem Christum; Christus autem crucifixus, et lac sugentibus, et cibus proficientibus.*" †

'Mysticism, therefore, I conceive to be hostile to Christianity, because it necessarily disqualifies the mind for that distinct and intelligent contemplation of IMMANUEL, to which we are called by all and every trait, however minute, of the evangelical records. I will not say, that mysticism intentionally turns the mental eye away from this object; at least Fénelon had not any such design: but it, self-evi-

* 'I look upon this as the chief reason for which the invisible God was pleased to make himself visible in the flesh, and, as a man, to mix among men; namely, that he might, in the first instance, draw off to the love of himself manifest in the flesh, all the affections of those creatures in the flesh, who were incapable of love for any other than a fleshly object; and thus, by degrees, carry them on to a spiritual love.'

† 'Even the feeding babes with milk must be so managed, that they be not left always without the knowledge of the Godhead of Christ * * * *; as also in their weaning, care must be taken, that they forsake not the manhood of Christ. It is, however, Christ crucified, that is both milk for the suckling, and meat for the advanced believer.'

dently, unfits the faculties of the mind for every such employment. By engaging its votaries in that contemplation of Deity, to which the embodied spirit is unequal, and in which, it should seem, even angels are not occupied, it creates in them, both a disrelish, and an incapacity, for that view of Deity, which, we might humbly dare to say, the deepest wisdom of God has been exerted to furnish."

Vol. I. pp. 300—303.

We may seem to have lost sight of the inquiry, How are we to account for the religious declension which has almost uniformly commenced among associated Christians, as soon as the stimulant of outward trial and persecution has been withdrawn, or the fervour of a revival has subsided? As we have rejected Mr. Knox's explanation of the melancholy fact, which refers it to the exclusive attention given to first principles, or to some other theological peculiarities, we may be required to give a better solution of the problem. But to generalise on this subject is certainly to err; and to arrive at any safe induction we must enter upon a course of historical inquiry which would require a volume. Mr. Wesley's paradox applies to individual Christians and to Christian families, rather than to any sects or churches. 'Wherever true Christianity spreads,' he remarks, 'it must cause diligence and frugality; these, in the natural course of things, beget riches; and riches naturally beget pride, love of the world, and every temper that is destructive of Christianity.' Thus, Christianity seems to have a tendency to destroy itself, by sapping its own foundations. 'If there be no way to prevent Christians from growing worldly, Christianity is inconsistent with itself.' This Mr. Knox views as an awful dilemma. We are surprised that he should have viewed it in this light. It is obvious, that the same thing might be said of virtue; that it teaches frugality and diligence, which generally lead to prosperity, and that prosperity tends to destroy virtue. But does this render virtue inconsistent with itself? Christianity has in itself a tendency to prevent Christians from becoming worldly: therefore Christianity has a tendency to preserve itself amid that worldly prosperity to which it may remotely lead. Therefore Christianity is not inconsistent with itself. Surely this is a sufficient refutation of the dilemma. Still, to speak of Christianity as either tending to preserve or to destroy itself, is obviously improper. The perpetuation and increase of Christianity can be secured, in spite of the principles which are ever at work and at war against it, in the world, and in the microcosm of the heart, only by means of the incessant operation of the Spirit of God. Religion is, from first to last, a supernatural thing—in its source and in its preservation; and the strong and perpetual tendency to deterioration in the human heart would be sufficient to destroy Christianity under any circumstances, but for the constant succours of heavenly influence.

In tracing the history of the corruption and declension of religious communities, we cannot, however, fail to perceive the operation of secondary causes; and an examination into these causes may turn to important benefit, by putting the Church on its guard, and, by the counsels of experience, enabling its rulers and ministers to obviate incipient evils. To say that riches corrupt, and that prosperity brings temptation, is throwing no light upon the matter. Wherever there is moral malady, there is error; and our business is, to ascertain and describe the error, and its source. We see in the apostolic history, how errors sown by the enemy, were, almost contemporaneously with the first promulgation of the Gospel, springing up to trouble the primitive churches. Was it, then, the weakness of *their* first principles which led to the decline of the Ephesian, or of the Laodicean Church? No, it was the corruption of those principles—the corruption, mainly, of the fundamental doctrine of Justification*. With whom did that corruption originate, but with the teachers of the Church? The true apostolic succession of faithful pastors, *the succession which consists in the transmission of apostolic doctrine*, was broken. The pastures of the Church became, through neglect, rank and unwholesome; and the sheep became lean and diseased. But this defection in the ministers of the Church requires itself to be accounted for. Two principal causes may be assigned: first, the limited diffusion of the holy Scriptures,—the inspired rule of faith and fountain of knowledge; secondly, the undue and servile deference which soon began to be yielded to the ministers of religion, especially favourite teachers, so as to divide the church into parties; thus exerting a most unhappy influence upon the ministers themselves, and rendering the sacred office an object of mercenary ambition to irreligious men†. By this means also was eventually produced that wide separation between the clergy and the laity, which proved fatal, first to the liberty, and then to the purity of “God’s heritage,” (τῶν κληρῶν,) the “body of Christ.” This change in the character of the Christian ministry seems to have been distinctly foreseen by the apostles‡; and how easily the Church suffered itself to be thus brought into bondage, may be seen from the warnings contained in the Epistles of St. Paul to the Corinthians, compared with the unscriptural claims advanced by the earliest of the ecclesiastical fathers. As the natural consequence of this, the teaching of religion, the duty of every Christian, became more and more abandoned to the official

* Comp. 1 John i. 8.—ii. 2. Rev. iii. 17.

† See Rom. xvi. 17. 1 Cor. iii. iv. 2 Cor. xi. 20.

‡ 2 Peter ii. 1—3. 1 John iv. 1. 1 Tim. iii. iv. Acts xx. 29, 30.

instructor; those who "ought for the time to have been teachers, required to be taught over again the elementary principles of the divine oracles;" popular ignorance overspread the prostrate church; Christians, ceasing themselves to be priests, surrendered their *clerical* and holy character to an apocryphal sacerdotal order; and finally, the dignities and immunities conferred upon the rulers of the Church by Christian emperors, completed the transformation of the ministry, appointed by our Lord, into a political institution.

There is a passage in a subsequent letter of Mr. Knox's, which seems to us to point out a very widely spread error intimately connected with one of the main causes of spiritual declension in Christian communities. 'Is it,' he asks, 'the actual design of Established Churches, so far as we can gather, to make adult converts?' We beg leave to vary the question thus: Is it the main design of the pastoral office, or of any churches, established or non-established, to make adult converts? We give the reply in Mr. Knox's words.

'It seems to me as clear as the sun at noon, that making adult converts is not the great ultimate object of the Gospel. On the contrary, I must regard it as but a preparatory, less perfect, supplemental operation; necessary, beyond doubt, in the first instance, and, so far as it takes place, a happy and valuable thing, in itself; the more so as, in any state of things ever yet existent, it has been indispensable to the support of Christ's spiritual kingdom in the world. Still, I say, something far more perfect is to be looked for, and in reality, must come, in order to the fulfilment of the prophecies. What this will be, Baxter clearly tells us in his "Saints' Rest," where he says: "I do verily believe, that if parents did their duty as they ought, the word, publicly preached, would not be the ordinary means of regeneration in the Church, but only without the Church, among infidels." The position is next to self-evident; since it is, clearly, the yet real infidelity of the professionally Christian world that leaves room for adult conversions; and thus, what Baxter supposes as morally certain, is the very description of future circumstances given by the Prophets. "They shall no more teach every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord; for they shall all know me, from the least to the greatest." When, then, they are not to acquire the knowledge of the Lord from their coevals (their neighbours and brethren), how are they to come to it? No other way, clearly, but by having been "brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Thus, only, could public teaching be superseded; and accordingly, we see, it is not said, "nor every one his child." On the contrary, this must be supposed; as the knowledge must come through some channel: and, as it can only come, now, by public teaching, when it does not come through education; so, it can only come then, by education, when it is not to come by public teaching. There are but the two methods: and the ceasing of the one, implies the prevalence of the other; as the manna fell no

more, when the children of Israel had once eaten of the corn of the Promised Land.

‘I own, to me, this prospect appears as delightful as it is rational. The whole history of the Church seems to me to concur in evincing, that there is an inherent, almost incurable imperfectness, in strictly adult conversions. I mean, those, where no early foundation had been laid, and the child in no respect trained in the way that he should go. I imagine that, with some bright exceptions, these instances would not, often, manifest more than the lower degree of goodness, which St. Paul describes to us, in the two cases of the Corinthians and the Galatians,—I might add, of the Hebrews also. On the other hand, at that very period of the Christian Church, when the converting influences of Divine grace had been at their height, and when more adults were brought into the Church together, than at any time since, we find St. Paul passing, comparatively, by all those multitudes, and fixing on one individual, to whom he gives, without fear, that confidence which he found abused by so many others. “I have none like-minded; for all men seek their own things, and not the things of Jesus Christ.” And why was Timothy thus (like Jabez of old), “so much more honourable than his brethren?” The reason is assigned:—“Because, from a child, thou hast known the Holy Scriptures;”—because “the faith which dwelt first in thy grandmother, Lois, and in thy mother, Eunice, I am persuaded, dwells in thee also.” See, here, the clear ground of St. Paul’s reliance on Timothy; and see, also, why he admonishes fathers not to provoke their children, lest they should be discouraged. He knew well, that the cause he had at heart could not fully prosper, but in proportion as such characters as Timothy were formed; which, again, he was well persuaded, could be formed only by means of early training.

‘But did St. Paul hope for what he desired? I conceive, clearly not; for, if he had so hoped, he would not so repeatedly and emphatically have predicted perilous times and fallings away. But why did he not hope for it? As it strikes me, because he saw so few Christians going on themselves, from the state of babes in spiritual things, to the state of establishment and maturity. He saw, no doubt, that they, who knew nothing but first principles, and had got those in the way of adult conversion, could not, in the nature of things, discharge the duty of religious education. Their own case being so different from that of their children, they would be liable to endless error, by arguing from the one to the other; and to spoil what they wished to accomplish, through honest, but mistaken earnestness to make their children feel as they had felt themselves. The case was, doubtless, far otherwise with those of them who proceeded onward from spiritual infancy to spiritual manhood: for this progress implies self-education; and consequently, the mature Christian, having educated himself, has in some measure learnt to educate his children. Nothing can be plainer, than that adult conversion supposes both means and movements, not only different from, but in some respects contrarious to, those which belong to early training; but it is as plain, on the other hand, that the advancing course from merely sensitive, to reflective and matured piety, must have in it many things sub-

stantially identical with what is implied in "bringing up children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Had, therefore, St. Paul seen more of such mature piety, we may presume, his hopes for the future would have been brighter; but his Epistles tell us, that those not addressed by him were far more generally sincere than grown Christians; consequently, as in the mean time he had but one Timothy, so he did not reckon on the rising of many Timothys in future.

'To this hour, I conceive, the same causes lead to the same consequences. God has, some way or other, kept up his Church; but whatever other means have been used for this purpose, the education of the children of adult converts has seldom yet materially contributed to it. Therefore, in no instance yet, has a providential plan of reinvigoration implied permanence. The warmest piety of the Fathers has undergone a change, if not manifested a declension, in the sons; and in a third generation, little of the religious character has been discernible.

'The truth is, those re-invigorating movements, to which I allude, seem, in general, to have had little other efficacy than in the matter of conversion. Those concerned in them, have seldom understood much beyond this. Individuals have exemplified more; but even these have seldom been able to enforce on others what they felt themselves. The instances of *sincere* religion, in such cases, therefore, have been numerous; but those of *mature* religion few: life was widely diffused; but growth has been, comparatively, rare. Such societies have been nurseries, rather than schools. Education has gone on but indifferently in themselves; and, of course, still more indifferently in their children.

'If, then, such defects, so deeply affecting individuals, and so unfavourable to their posterity, have existed, and do exist, even where the best influences, in other most important respects, have been in operation: if this was the case, even in the apostolic time, and still remains to be the case, on every recurrence of like circumstances, what would be our ground to hope for better things, on the supposition of even another Pentecost? To this serious question, I think I see a satisfactory answer, in the slow, but sure progress of another providential scheme; a scheme as profoundly adapted to extended and lasting effects, as the converting energy of Divine Grace has been adapted to personal transformation; a scheme, one and continuous, while converting movements have been numerous and short-lived; a scheme, lastly, which, from being one and continuous, can be expected to evolve gradually; only to keep pace with the advance of society; and, then only, to manifest its perfect operation, when things in general shall be ripe for it, and the great prophetic season shall have arrived; while nothing of this kind could be supposed, in the various instances in which the converting influence has manifested itself; the effect, here, requiring a like operation in the first instance as in the last.'

Vol. I. pp. 174—79.

Every word of this we feel disposed to adopt. The Writer appears to be approaching the very solution of the all-important problem under consideration. We follow him, paragraph after

paragraph, with our cordial approbation. We anticipate that he is about to point out the beauty of the Domestic Economy; to shew that the pastoral office was never intended to supersede the parental relation; that the Christian Mother was destined to be the teacher, the regenerator of her children; that every Christian household was meant to be a church; that there is especial encouragement given to parents, to expect the efficient concurrence of the Holy Spirit in thus training up their offspring in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Alas! instead of this obvious and all but irresistible conclusion, to which we seemed to be so naturally advancing, we are turned back by one of the most violent *non-sequiturs* imaginable. We find ourselves in a logical *cul de sac*. 'In a word,' says Mr. Knox, 'reason, experience, and Holy Scripture seem, to my apprehension, to put it past all doubt by their united testimony, that the system of *National Establishments*,—which commenced at the time of *Constantine*, is, in spite of all its imperfections, that very *growing scheme*, by means of which will be finally accomplished that general and lasting renovation of human society which we are so strongly warranted to expect.' A thousand years has that 'growing scheme' been tested by every variety of experiment—with what result? 'That the great apparatus does not *as yet* appear to vouch fully' what is here ascribed to it, Mr. Knox admits. On what, then, does he found his chimerical expectation, and his scriptural proof, that it will ever subserve a purpose to which hitherto it has been detrimental and hostile? Upon nothing more nor less than a doubtful interpretation of an allegorical prophecy in the Apocalypse! We require argument, and are put off with allegory: we ask for text, and are given mere comment. The proof is worthy of the theory.

We must here suspend our observations, for it will be impossible to do justice to these volumes in a single article.

(To be continued).

Art. II.—1. *On National Property, and on the Prospects of the present Administration, and of their Successors.* Second Edition, with Additions. 8vo. pp. 132. London, 1835.

2. *Ireland: The Source of her Troubles; the Policy required.* By Lenio. 8vo. pp. 32. London, 1835.

3. *Sir Robert Peel's Address reviewed.* 8vo. pp. 44. London, 1835.

4. *Address of Sir Robert Peel at Tamworth.*

WHOEVER succeeds to the administration of government at this juncture of affairs, will have no enviable post. Although, through the goodness of Divine Providence, we are at peace with all the world, and enjoy internal prosperity in most of

the branches of productive industry, never, perhaps, was the Minister of this country placed in a more responsible or arduous situation. Time was, when the most serious duties of the Cabinet were, to frame a treaty, or plan a campaign, and to raise loans for subsidizing our continental allies. Military tacticians and skilful financiers might then manage to conduct the affairs of State, and might even pass for heaven-born statesmen. The government of Austria or Russia was then scarcely a simpler affair than the government of England by the machinery of loans, borough votes, and the ecclesiastical janizaries distributed over the country. The unintelligent masses of the population gave no trouble to either their teachers or their rulers. The lazy and discontented were drafted off by the recruiting serjeant; the consumption of war took up the redundant increase; and the patronage of the crown, diffused through the infinite ramifications of the fiscal system, gave the Minister a species of political omnipresence and omnipotence. This was the golden age of Toryism; and we cannot wonder that it is looked back to with fond regret as the good old times, the glorious times, when the army, the navy, and the Church afforded unlimited patronage and ample means of provision for all the younger scions of the aristocracy; and there seemed to be no limit to the powers of taxation,—to the *taxability* and loyal endurance of the people. Church and King was then the standing toast in all good company, with confusion to all Jacobins and Dissenters. Cowper's Satires, Crabbe's Village Chronicles, Hannah More's Letters, and the Newgate Calendar bear witness to the Arcadian purity and happiness of England before Methodists and Reformers rose to trouble the State.

But all that is passed. We have a population that must be governed by quite other means, and on widely different principles. It is not merely that we have four-and-twenty millions to deal with instead of twelve, but that a spirit of intelligence has been imparted to the once inert and passive masses, which renders it impossible to hold them in abject subserviency to oligarchical domination. Never, in any age or country, was there concentrated in one community such a mass of active intelligence, so large a number of thinking beings, taught to think and act for themselves, as in England at the present moment. It is the glory of the British sovereign, that he is the ruler, not merely of free men, but of free minds; that among us, law is the executive sovereign, and opinion the legislator who shapes the law, and guards it; that half the business of other governments is here spontaneously and gratuitously done by the people; that the means of instruction, if they are not adequate to the wants of the population, far exceed the State provision; that if the people are opposed to existing institutions, it is chiefly by being in advance of them; that the public mind has outgrown the forms in which it

has been reared. Such is the state of things, owing to which a review of all our political institutions has become confessedly indispensable, so that even those politicians who have been the most vehemently opposed to any changes, now rest all their claims to public confidence on their avowed intentions to carry on the work of Reform.

'The nation has now arrived,' we are told by the Author of the pamphlet on National Property, 'at one of those periods which recur in the history of every free and progressive community, at which traditionary routine ceases to be a guide; when the file affords no precedents, and we must either submit to act from mere impulse and guess, or must recur to the first principles on which the theory of government is founded.' We question whether history can be made to furnish any period strictly analogous to that at which we have now arrived. But waiving this point, we agree with the Writer, that the time is come, when, in order either to preserve in security, or to reform with safety, existing institutions, it is necessary to recur to those principles which lie at the foundation, not of any mere theory of government, but of all good government. When *minds* are to be ruled, it must be by reason. Good laws are always founded upon sufficient reasons; and precedents are good reasons in the absence of higher ones, as opposed to what is merely arbitrary, because to follow them so far, tends to the security of society. But when precedents are at war with higher reasons, they lose their force. It is therefore neither safe nor prudent to rest the obligatory force of law upon simple prescription or tradition. To children, laws are reasons: to men, reasons are laws. When, therefore, society has reached the manhood of full civilization, it is found impossible to enforce bad laws by either the sword, the stake, or the gallows. Opinion will revenge itself upon all these ancient modes of government. Burning has long gone out of fashion; hanging, even for crimes, has become extremely unpopular; the sword lies peaceful in its scabbard, although the Tories would fain have it unsheathed *in terrorem*. Such being the state of things, we must needs recur to other sanctions of law, and other methods of government; and where are they to be found, but in such reasonable penalties as the common verdict of society will sanction, in the case of offences against laws based upon principles of equity, and carrying their own reasons on the face of them.

Strangely do those politicians deceive themselves, who imagine that the present clamour for Reform is the result of a temporary effervescence of popular feeling, and that it will give way to a re-action in favour of established systems. As well might the Jamaica planters dream of a re-action among the negroes in favour of Slavery. Whatever disappointment may be the result of imperfect reforms,—whatever angry dissatisfaction may be felt towards

the authors or causes of such disappointment, this feeling can never produce a wish for the restoration of old abuses. Nor is it less absurd to talk of *final* measures of reform. Reform that stops short of obtaining its end, is irrational. The demand for reform, that rests its plea on mere theory, may indeed be put down by shewing the theory to be fallacious. For instance, the demand of universal suffrage can be met by shewing that it rests upon no natural or moral claim, nor of course upon any legal or acquired right, and that to allow it would endanger the security of property. But reform *ought not* to stop, till it reaches the point at which it ceases to be improvement; for then it will change its character, and become destruction.

But who is to determine this point? Who is to be the judge of what are abuses, and what are not? 'One gentleman,' says Sir Robert Peel, in his speech at Tamworth, 'thinks the legislative union an abuse; another thinks the Church of England an abuse; another thinks grand juries an abuse.' If this language were really held by any set of reformers, the Right Honourable Baronet might well ask for a definition of an abuse. But there is not, at the bottom, so wide a variety of opinion upon these points as Sir Robert Peel would seem to imagine. The difficulties of the Minister's position arise not so much from the clashing of opinions, as from the opposition between the old interests and the new principles. Even if no selfish interests were involved in the pending questions, the task of legislation under the present circumstances would require all the knowledge, and experience, and patient investigation which could be brought to the discussion of the various measures that press for consideration. But unhappily, the Government has not merely to arbitrate between different opinions, but to mediate between hostile forces; and 'to maintain the free and independent action of every branch of the legislature,' although working in mutual counteraction, and under opposing impulses!

The Reform Bill, it is now admitted by the organ of its most violent opponents (*the Standard*), 'has been productive of this good consequence. It has extinguished for a time all fear of making a beginning of change. To our institutions, it has been what the fire of London was to our metropolis, *the means of making room for great improvement.*' This is a more apt comparison than appears, for the fire of London purified the city of the plague; and the Reform Bill, by sweeping away the rotten boroughs, cleared the legislature of that source of political contagion. The Reform Bill, however, built up more than it pulled down. It was a constructive, a constituent measure. But our Contemporary is so far right, that, if it has not extinguished all fear of making a beginning of change, it has rendered other changes obviously inevitable; partly, because it has restored to the people their voice

in the legislature, and partly because it has established this grand principle; that no interest, 'however definite and vested, can be respected if it be unlawful.'

A formidable obstruction to beneficial changes may arise, indeed, from existing interests which are lawful. No lawful interest, however, the Author of the pamphlet on National Property contends, can be considered property as against the public, *unless it be capable of valuation*. 'We affirm,' he says, 'not that every lawful interest which is capable of valuation is inviolable, but that no interest can be held inviolable as against the public, unless it be capable of valuation.' And he proceeds to shew that this principle, while it protects life interests, cannot be extended to corporate or state property.

'All property, so long as it has no lawful individual proprietor, must belong to the nation collectively, or, in other words, to the State. This is the case with respect to the fee-simple of all that property which is held in mortmain. The fees of bishops and chapters, of the universities, and their colleges and halls, and generally speaking of all corporations, have no owners beyond the life interests of the existing bishops and members of chapters and corporations. Those life interests the State is bound to protect. To affect them without the consent of their owners, would be spoliation in one of its most odious forms. But subject to those life interests, the State is not only justified, but absolutely bound, to employ the property in the way most conducive to the public interest. In many, indeed in the vast majority of cases, the existing application, or at least an application the same in kind, is on the whole the best that can be adopted. Few measures could be more mischievous than a diversion of the revenues of the universities from the purposes of education. Some modifications, indeed, of the statutes of the different colleges are necessary to enable them to perform still better their important offices; but no one who is aware of the extent of their present usefulness would think for an instant of making a total change in their destination. The same may be said of the episcopal and chapter property in England, and of the benefices, the advowsons of which do not belong to individuals, and which are therefore public property. A better distribution might perhaps be made of their revenues, but there is no mode in which they could be more beneficially employed, than as an ecclesiastical endowment.' p. 11.

This is a position which, we take leave to say, is *not* unquestionable; and to affirm that 'all whose minds are not blinded by party or sectarian spirit' must perceive the advantages produced by an endowed Church, is language unbecoming a liberal writer. Without denying the political advantages resulting from such an appropriation of property, the advantages to religion we must regard as at least problematical. 'But,' the Writer proceeds to say:—

'While, on the one hand, we deny the expediency of diverting the estates of the Universities from educational, and those of the

sees and chapters and benefices in question from ecclesiastical purposes; while we affirm that such a diversion would be short-sighted and barbarous folly; on the other hand we equally deny that, supposing the existing life-interests to be untouched, and that the diversion could be proved to be expedient, it would be an *injustice*. In other words, if the expediency can be proved, we affirm the right.

‘And not only must the expediency, on which alone the right is founded, be clearly proved, but it must be an expediency with reference to the nation as a permanent body. A violation of this last rule appears to be the only mode in which a nation can commit an injustice, although no assignable individual has a right to consider himself as unjustly treated. A nation, though it may act with the utmost imprudence or folly, cannot be said to be unjust to the whole of its existing members, any more than a man, however absurd, can be said to be unjust to himself. But if the existing members of the nation sacrifice the welfare of their successors to their own immediate interest, they may be said to be unjust to their successors; just as a man who wastes his inheritance, or sells it, and lays out the price in an annuity on his own life, is said to be unjust to his children. And this is a species of injustice to which every country is most mischievously tempted. It is as dangerous for a nation as it is for an individual, to have the power of promoting his own apparent immediate interests at the expense of those who are not yet in existence, with whom therefore it cannot sympathise, and who have no assigned protectors.’

‘Some (persons) deny the right of the State to deal with the income of the property held in mortmain, on the ground that, what they call the Church, as distinct from the existing clergymen, is the owner of what they call church property; that the episcopal lands belong to the bench of bishops, not for the lives of the existing bishops, but for ever; and that to declare that no bishop shall in future be appointed, and that the revenues of the sees as they become vacant shall be applied to the support of hospitals, would be an act of spoliation, even although it could be demonstrated that such an application would be more useful, not only at present, but permanently, than the present one. The answer to these reasoners is, that to every spoliation there must be two parties, the spoiler and the person despoiled. Now who, under these circumstances, would be the persons despoiled? Our posterity? No: for the argument assumes that they would be benefited. The existing bishops? No: for they are untouched. The persons who now have the power to appoint bishops? Their consent must of course be obtained. If the bishoprick of Sodor and Man had still belonged to the Athol family, their right to appoint a bishop could not have been suppressed without compensation. But, in the present case, the persons who have the right to appoint bishops are the government, and their consent is presupposed. The persons who might hope to be made bishops? They have no vested interest susceptible of valuation; and, therefore, on the grounds already laid down, cannot be heard. They have no more right to protest against the suppression of bishopricks than subalterns have to oppose a reduction of the number of field-officers. Bishopricks no more belong to the church, as an imaginary entity, distinct from the existing churchmen, than pay and allowances

belong to the army as an equally imaginary entity, distinct from the existing soldiers.

‘Others again contend, that this property, having been originally given to ecclesiastical purposes, cannot be diverted from them without improperly violating the wills of those deceased persons who so dedicated it. In Scotland, where a right of perpetual entail is admitted, this argument might have some plausibility. In England and Ireland, where the law ‘abhors perpetuities,’ it is almost too absurd for refutation. Our ancestors have had their full swing of posthumous power. Their wills have been obeyed for centuries; in some cases, without doubt, most beneficially; in others, more or less mischievously. And will any one, out of a sentimental regard to their memory, maintain that we have not now the right, or that having that right, we are not now bound to inquire how far this obedience is now beneficial, how far it is mischievous? or that we have not now the right, or that, having that right, it is not our duty to make such changes as may augment the benefit and remove the mischief? If this argument were successful, the land would indeed belong not to the living, but to the dead.’

pp. 13—21.

Testamentary rights are altogether the creation of law, and limited by it. In the early times of the feudal system, no such rights were recognised. The Scotch law denies testamentary power, except by means of an evasion. The English law is full of inconsistencies in relation to this subject; but its absolute prohibition of devises in mortmain, and the restrictions it lays upon conveyances in mortmain, shew that the spirit of our laws is opposed to indefinite testamentary power, and that the State or the legislature has always deemed itself competent to interfere with such settlements. It is, indeed, remarkable, that ‘by Magna Charta and divers other wholesome laws,’ alienations of lands and hereditaments in mortmain are prohibited or restrained, as ‘prejudicial to or against the common utility;’ and yet, this public mischief, as the preamble to the mortmain act styles it, the advocates of Establishments would have us regard as the greatest of all possible political benefits!

Of all the arguments that can be urged against interfering with ecclesiastical property, that which is founded upon respect for the wills and conveyances of parties who died some centuries ago, is the weakest. By the application of that property to the support of the Protestant faith, the intentions of the original testators are, for the most part, as completely frustrated as they would be by its total alienation from ecclesiastical purposes. Nay, greater violence is done in such cases to the will of the testator. Where is the Protestant who would not prefer that his property should fall to the Crown, rather than go to the support of Popery? Nay, what High-churchman would not shudder at the idea that his bequests should by possibility fall into the hands of Dissenters? Would he not wish that it should

rather be devoted to the support of hospitals or other secular charities? Why, then, are the intentions of our Roman Catholic ancestors to be considered as binding in respect to the ecclesiastical application of the property, and yet not at all binding in reference to the form of religion they wished to perpetuate? Why should it be deemed less inconsistent with respect for the intentions and rights of the dead, to suppress a monastery or to alienate abbey lands, than to suppress a bishopric and secularize its revenues, as has been done without scruple by Roman Catholic governments?

‘When the property now possessed by the Episcopal Church of Ireland was appropriated to ecclesiastical purposes, the religion, the professors of which were thus endowed, was the religion of the whole population.’ And what was that religion? That same corrupt form of Christianity which Protestants deny to be the Christian religion, but the professors of which would have regarded Protestantism as damnable heresy. Upon what other ground than the right of conquest, the right of the strongest, has the property of the Romish Church been transferred to the Protestant hierarchy? We do not dispute the competency of the Supreme Government so to deal with it; but we ask, what, in this transfer, becomes of the principle of respect for the intentions of the original donors? The Author of the pamphlet before us, being, as already intimated, a warm admirer of ecclesiastical Establishments, favours us with the following curious particulars as to the feelings and motives which led our unknown predecessors to found their scheme of public instruction.

‘Our predecessors in England and Ireland knew that religion was not one of those things which may be safely left to be regulated by the ordinary principles of demand and supply. They knew that the religious instruction which is afforded only so far as it is paid for, is not likely to be the best of its kind; that the priest who is to live by supplying information and advice, is likely to sell that information and that advice which are most to the taste of his customers; to flatter their prejudices, inflame their animosities, and prescribe those conventional duties and observances, which soothe the consciences and gratify the spiritual pride of his hearers, but leave their worst passions uncontrolled. And they felt, also, that as religious instruction, though necessary to all, is most necessary, or to speak more correctly, is necessary in a greater amount, to the poorest classes of the community, they ought not to be exposed to the alternative of going without it, or paying for it the same price as is paid by their wealthier neighbours. They felt that of all modes of taxation, a poll-tax is the least equitable; and that a clergy living by the sale of their services, must, in fact, be supported by a sort of poll-tax; that is, by a contribution bearing no reference to the ability of the contributors. Wisely, therefore, and justly, they gave to the religious instructors of the people an ample endowment; an endowment which

enabled the teachers to speak with authority and independence, and the parishioners to demand their aid without feeling that spiritual improvement was to be obtained only at the sacrifice of wants less important, but more obvious and more urgent: and they supplied this endowment from the only sources which at that early period were disposable; partly by means of land, and partly by tithes. To the bishops and chapters, who were comparatively few, they gave large estates, which they could manage by their agents, and yet derive a considerable revenue. But such an endowment was unfit for the parochial clergy. At the early period to which we refer, farmers and rent were almost unknown. Every estate was cultivated at the expense and for the benefit of its proprietor; unless it was large enough to support the expense of a bailiff or a steward, he was forced to manage it himself. The number of the parochial clergy was necessarily so large, that if each priest had had his estate, it must have been too small to have been managed by any body but himself, and its management would have required his whole time. Instead of estates, therefore, they endowed the clergy with a portion of the produce of the soil, to be taken by them free from the expense of cultivation. In all this they followed the plan which was adopted, and for nearly one thousand years, retained over the whole of Europe.

During the course, however, of centuries of ignorance, the Christianity of the gospel was deformed and distorted by a mass of superstitions. Among the most mischievous of these were the doctrines, that orthodox believers only are to be saved, and that it is the duty of government to force all its subjects to adopt that belief which it assumes to be the true one. And these were among the errors not detected by the early reformers. They were as intolerant as their adversaries; and, where they had the power, propagated their own opinions by persecution, as fiercely and as conscientiously as the church of Rome. In England, this conduct was successful. The Reformation began with the crown, and the people conformed to its will. The property of the church was placed in the hands of the professors of the reformed religion; and, as only a small minority rejected these doctrines, the endowments of the church of England were still devoted to their original purposes—the religious instruction of the mass of the people.

The same course was attempted to be pursued in Ireland. The sees and the benefices were filled exclusively with Protestants; protestant forms of worship were enforced, and it was without doubt expected that the doctrines of the establishment would be adopted by the people. So preposterous an arrangement as a splendid endowment for the smallest of the three sects that divide the country, a very moderate endowment for the next in point of numbers, and none at all for the vast majority, was not contemplated by those who established the present church of Ireland; and indeed never could have been seriously contemplated by any judicious—we might say, by any sane—legislator.

The experiment, however, failed; and probably failed in consequence of the very measures which were devised for its attainment. The protestant episcopal religion, associated in the minds of the people with defeat and taxation, instead of the progress for which it

seems destined wherever it meets Catholicism on the fair field of reason, has lost ground day by day since its establishment. It was then supposed to be embraced by a third of the people: it is now probably confined to about one seventh. Even Presbyterianism, though of much more recent growth, probably exceeds it; and Catholicism has probably a larger body of educated believers, in Ireland, than in any other portion of Europe.' pp. 27—31.

We doubt the accuracy of the statement in the last paragraph; but what shall we say of the romantic fiction with which the Writer sets out? What a new light does this view of the origin of ecclesiastical power throw upon the darkest era of church history! How much did those wise predecessors of ours know, which was unknown to the writers of the New Testament! How little did St. Paul imagine, when he laid down the rule, that those who preach the Gospel ought to live by the Gospel, the workman being "worthy of his hire," and that "he who was taught in the word" was bound of his own accord to "communicate to his teacher,"—that this would involve the teacher's *selling* such information and advice as would be most to the taste of his customers! How strange would have seemed to him such a method of preventing a mercenary spirit in Christian ministers, by annexing an ample endowment to the office, and of driving hirelings out of the Church by making their hire independent on their services! The plain fact is, that it was not till Christian pastors had been transformed into priests, that tithes were thought of; by which time priests and people were involved in common ignorance, and preaching and teaching were alike gone out of fashion. The receivers of tithes, the possessors of benefices, have never been the teachers of the people. The only popular instructors have always been found among the religious orders, dependent upon the contributions of the people, or the inferior clerical stipendiaries.

It is, however, admitted, or rather is insisted upon by the present Writer, that the existing endowments of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Ireland 'exceed the sum necessary for 'the spiritual wants of its members.' No ministry, he asserts, can stand, 'that resolves to maintain for ever, and in their full 'integrity, the revenues of the Established Church in Ireland.'

'It may be said, however,' he continues, 'that the surplus which will accrue from the prospective reduction of the episcopal revenues may be applied to purposes of education. Undoubtedly it may, and we trust that it will, be so applied. But it must be to the education of the great body of the people, not to the education of a small minority. The great, the apparently insuperable difficulty of providing a religious and moral education—and no other system of instruction can be called education—in which both Catholics and Protestants can participate, has been solved by the appointment of the present Education Board—

a blessing for which Ireland is indebted to a Whig ministry, and which, from the admirable manner in which it has already worked, even in its infancy, and counteracted by every form of factious and fanatical opposition, appears likely to be the greatest instrument of improvement that she has as yet received from the imperial government. But this, or any other application of the surplus revenue in question to purposes not exclusively protestant, is obviously a fundamental change in its present destination. It can be defended only on the principle which we have stated at so much length, that subject to the existing vested and lawful interests, mortmain property is national property, and that it is the right, and even the duty of the legislature, to provide that it shall be used in the mode most conducive to the general welfare of the community.' pp. 40, 41.

Our readers will suspect, from this paragraph, what is the Writer's drift; but the main object of the whole pamphlet is not distinctly disclosed till the 102d page, when he fairly avows himself an advocate for a legislative provision for the Roman Catholic clergy.

'We have already stated,' he says, 'that the endowment of the protestant and the destitution of the catholic church is both an insult and an injury, and that the bulk of the Irish people, while furious under the insult, seem insensible to the injury, and are therefore merely anxious to demolish the protestant church, without any wish to endow their own. But the feelings of the priesthood are very different. They have thought principally of the injury. They have contrasted their uncertain incomes, the price of constant labour, and yet wrung with difficulty and contest from their destitute population, with the ample, and, until the late troubles, the secure revenue obtained generally with little exertion, and often with none, by their protestant rivals. And when they have made that comparison, they reflect that the ample and secure revenue was the former endowment of their own church; and that their predecessors were deprived of it for maintaining what they believed, and what the present clergy believe, to be the truth. It is impossible that a clergy in this situation should be well affected towards the government, which they hold, and hold justly, to be responsible for its continuance. It is impossible that their disaffection should not be propagated among the people. We must recollect that the connexion between the Irish catholic priest and his parishioners is far more intimate than that which exists between any other body of religious teachers and those committed to their care. The peasant depends on his priest for masses, for absolution, for extreme unction; in short, for a variety of wants which are not the less urgent for being, according to the belief of protestants, founded on superstition. The priest is dependent on the peasant for the actual means of existence. Nor is the sympathy arising from this mutual dependence weakened by any considerable difference of birth, or early associations. The priest is often the son of a cottier, born in the same station, and reared with the same prejudices as his flock. If the present state of the catholic clergy in Ireland were productive of no other consequence

than its tendency to disseminate disloyalty and hatred of the English connexion, this alone would be more than a sufficient ground for its immediate change.' pp. 104—106.

But this is 'not the sole, or even the principal cause' upon which the Writer advocates a provision for the Catholic clergy. It has long been suspected, he says, that the dependence of the priests upon the people has been the principal cause of the misery and crime; but the abundant evidence of this fact supplied by Mr. Croly, the Roman Catholic priest of Ovens and Aglis, in his recent pamphlet, has converted this suspicion into certainty. He then proceeds to give a series of extracts from this remarkable exposure of what has been termed in derision the Romish voluntary system. We can make room for only a few specimens:

' "The revenue of the parish priest is derived from a variety of sources. There are confession dues, marriage dues, baptism dues, mass dues, and dues for anointing. He is also paid at times for attendance at funerals. Confession furnishes the most steady and constant source of revenue. Twice a year he collects confession money under the denomination of Christmas and Easter offerings. The mode of making this collection is not very consonant to the spirit of religion. The priest selects one or two houses in every plough-land or neighbourhood, where he holds according to appointment what are called 'stations of confession;' and it is required that the families all about should meet him when he comes among them, upon these occasions; should make their confessions, receive the Holy Sacrament, and finally pay the customary dues. It sometimes happens that this business is not transacted quietly. If increased dues are demanded—a thing of occasional occurrence—disagreeable and sometimes scandalous altercations ensue. Similar scenes occur when individuals attend and crave time for payment; while such as absent themselves, unless they send the dues as an apology, are generally made the subject of public abuse and exposure." ' p. 106, 7.

' "In short, the entire system at present pursued by the Irish catholic clergy as to money matters, or matters of church finance, is to make the very most of their ministry in gross and in detail; and, regardless of consequences, to render every part and parcel of religion, whether we regard the administration of sacraments or the celebration of divine worship, subservient to considerations of self-interest. Other bad consequences regarding the clergy themselves arise out of the present system of church support. They are constantly endeavouring to overreach and undermine one another. The consequence of all this is, that church revenue has become a mere scramble—every man striving to seize upon a larger share, and deciding for himself in the appropriation. This is a bad state of things; it is a shameful state of clerical demoralization. Common honesty is out of the question. Nothing but lies, schemes, duplicity, false returns; so that the simple and the honest become the prey of the cunning and the crafty. Does not this system of clerical dishonesty strike at the root of public morals? The morals of the pastor must have an influence on the morals of the flock?" ' p. 112, 13.

All this is notorious enough ; we do not believe that the picture is exaggerated ; and we agree with the Writer in deprecating a system which can ‘ turn religion into a poison, and the priest ‘ into an accomplice of the incendiary and the murderer.’ But we differ from him *in toto* as to the root of the evil, and its remedy.

In the first place, the distinctive feature of the system is, that the priest is supported, not by a regular stipend, but by the exaction of fees ; fees which he has the power of enforcing under penal sanctions that are more dreaded than any civil penalties. The system of fees is in itself a bad one, and is almost uniformly found to lead to extortion and other abuses. Fees for religious ministrations are open to special objections ; but they are above all objectionable, when they are arbitrary in amount, and cannot be evaded. The Roman Catholic has no option as to employing a priest ;—he must go to confession ; he must attend to the rites of his church ; and he must fee the priest, under the penalty of excommunication. The compact system of fraud and terror, based upon the doctrines of sacerdotal absolution, transubstantiation, and purgatory, leaves him no alternative. The system has nothing voluntary about it. The spiritual anathema supplies the place of the sword of the magistrate ; and the ecclesiastical dues, though their amount is often matter of quarrelsome bargain, are exacted by as strong a compulsion as if they were recoverable by a legal process.

When Mr. Croly represents the multitude in his church as ‘ holding the strings of the clerical purse,’ he can only mean, that a priest who is popular, will be likely to obtain more custom at the confessional and the altar, and to engross a larger share of the fees. This must greatly depend upon the competition, for one priest is as good as another for all ecclesiastical purposes, the validity of his priestly services not being at all affected by his ignorance or his immorality. The absolution pronounced, or the mass said, by the drunkard or profligate, is held to be as efficacious as if he were the most exemplary of men. It seems that there are diocesan statutes regulating the amount of fees ; but these are a dead letter. ‘ The priest drives as hard a bargain as ‘ he can,’ often demanding much more than he succeeds in obtaining, or than he expects to get. ‘ Masses are priced, like ‘ other rites of religion ;’ and all sorts of expedients are employed to increase the customary contributions for mortuary masses. Now, to compare such a system of venality and fraud as this with the honourable support derived from a fixed stipend, voluntarily agreed upon, by a Christian pastor, is to confound things as opposite as the poles. The one is upheld only by the moral influence derived from his character and qualifications, and the exemplary discharge of his functions : the other is the mere vender of the wares of his church.

If the Roman Catholics could be led to see that their system of ecclesiastical finance is a bad one, they have it in their power to adopt a better *. The remedy which this Writer advocates is, a national provision for the clergy. But would this put an end to the exaction of dues? By no means. He candidly gives a letter on the subject, from 'a person whose opinion is entitled to great weight,' denying the expediency or practicability of restraining Roman Catholic priests (supposing them otherwise paid) from receiving fees. Fees are exacted by our Protestant endowed clergy, notwithstanding the fixed income derived from tithe and glebe. How can it be expected, then, that they would be done away in Ireland, as the mere consequence of a national provision for the clergy? But the most decisive objection against the proposed remedy is kept out of sight; yet, it is one which would go far to frustrate whatever political benefit might be expected to result from the scheme. It is this. Suppose that the parish priests were adequately provided for by a State allowance or endowment, what is to be done with the swarms of regulars, lay and clerical, who are already such formidable competitors of the secular clergy in Ireland, and to whose increased numbers and popularity the inclination of the parochial priesthood to accept of the bounty of the State, so far as it exists, may, we suspect, be attributed? These would still be dependent upon the people; the endowed Romish clergy would lose their influence; and we should have added to the other elements of disorder in Ireland, an angry conflict between the secular and the regular clergy, similar to that which raged in England in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The parochial clergy are a standing army, which might be taken into the pay of the crown; but the monastic orders form an irregular militia, essentially democratic, and recognising no authority but their spiritual superiors.

If, indeed, it could be made the condition of a public provision for the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland, and such condition be carried into effect, that all the monastic orders should be suppressed, all the regular clergy disbanded, and the college of Maynooth itself extinguished, then,—looking at the matter in the light of State expediency, and putting aside all other considerations,—we cannot deny that the English Government would make an excellent bargain. Opposed as we are, from conviction, to all ecclesiastical establishments, as tending infallibly to enslave and to corrupt the Institutions of Christ, which were founded upon a widely different basis,—still, we are unable to perceive how the

* 'In some districts,' we are told at p. 120, 'the people have assembled, and agreed on a lowered scale of dues to their priests.' If the dues were fixed, and the diocesan regulations enforced, much of the scandalous extortion and continual disputes would be obviated.

advocates of such Establishments can escape from the arguments of the present Writer.

‘Some persons,’ he remarks, ‘think that to make a public provision for the Roman Catholic Church would be morally wrong, because it would encourage a religion which they believe to be tainted by dangerous errors. We have great respect for the conscientious feelings of those who make this objection; but we believe that they do not perceive its consequences. We must remind them that, although extreme cases may be put, such as that of a religious persecutor, in which a man may be morally guilty, though he act conscientiously, yet, as a general rule, it is morally right to follow the dictates of conscience, and morally wrong to oppose them. It follows that, if it be once admitted that it is morally wrong to contribute to the support of the teachers of an erroneous religion, the moral guilt of each individual contributor depends not on the question whether the religion in question be or be not erroneous, but on the *opinion* of the contributor that the religion is erroneous. What right, then, have we to force the Catholics to pay for the support of the Protestant, or the Presbyterians for the support of the Episcopalian, Church? If *we* should incur moral guilt by making payments for the support of the Catholic Church, not because it is erroneous, for that is not the question, but because we believe it to be erroneous, they are compelled to incur equal guilt in supporting our Church, which *they* believe to be erroneous. Nay, we ourselves incur moral guilt by forcing their consciences. Such a doctrine strikes at the root of all establishments whatever. If we are to act on it, we must, in the first place, withdraw the annual grant from Maynooth, an institution founded, not merely for the maintenance of the existing Irish Catholic priests, but for providing a perpetual succession of them. We must then put an end to the Roman Catholic establishment in Lower Canada; we must withdraw the *regium donum* from the Presbyterians; we must exempt the Catholics and Protestant dissenters from all contribution towards the support of the Established Church in England as well as in Ireland. In short, throughout the British Empire, we must adopt what has been called “The voluntary system,” and abandon all provision out of the national property for any religion whatever.’ pp. 121—123.

We beg leave to say, that Government has our free consent to withdraw the *regium donum* from the Presbyterians, and the annual grant from Maynooth, on the same day that it abolishes Church-rates; and that we should rejoice at the extinction of the Roman Catholic establishment in Lower Canada, provided that life-interests were respected.

The Writer proceeds to consider the question of the requisite expense, which he thinks would not exceed 600,000*l.* a year. This he would not have taken out of any surplus of the endowment now enjoyed by the Protestant Establishment, because it might be considered as *only the beginning* of the complete restitution to the Roman Catholics of the whole Protestant

church property. The mere saving in the expense of governing Ireland, would be more than double the proposed expenditure. 'Troops are more expensive than priests.' Anticipating, however, that the Irish Presbyterians might put in their claim to a similar provision, he thus dexterously evades the conclusion.

'The two cases stand on grounds perfectly distinct. The Dissenters either never had an endowment, or had one from which they have voluntarily seceded. The Irish Catholic Church had once an ample endowment, which has been taken from it, under circumstances which could not have occurred if the governments of England and Ireland had been separate. Every one must perceive the difference between an act of liberality and an act of justice; between a gift and a restitution. But, waiving the question of right, we are content to rest the propriety of a provision for the Irish Catholic Church on the simple ground of its utility; as a remedy for a great and growing evil; as a remedy for a state of society of which the immediate effects are most mischievous, and the inevitable consequences destructive. Let it be shewn that evils or dangers, equal, or even approaching to these, arise from the absence of a provision for the Dissenters, and we will advocate one, whatever be the sacrifice.' pp. 126, 127.

Assuredly, the English Dissenters will never call upon him, or any one else, to become their advocate in this respect. Still, their not desiring and not being willing to accept a state provision for their ministers, cannot affect their equitable claims. It is admitted, that the Roman Catholics themselves do not desire this measure; and that they would not be satisfied with it. 'This Writer represents it as a sore *'injury'* to the Roman Catholic population, that they are *'forced'* to support their own religious teachers.' Yet, of this injury they do not complain: all that they resent is, the being forced to pay tribute to the ministers of a church to which they do not belong. In like manner, Dissenters regard it as neither an injury nor a grievance, to be *'forced'* to contribute to the support of their own pastors, since that force is one of purely moral, not political obligation, from which they would deem it an evil to be released.

But what is to be done with Ireland? Can it be denied, that there is much that is specious and plausible in this Writer's argument;—that there is much to be said in favour of his scheme on the score of equity and worldly prudence? We must confess that we see no escape from his conclusions, but one alternative. What that other remedy is, we could scarcely have dared to whisper; but the Writer who assumes the signature of Lenio, bluntly comes to the point: 'Let the Protestant Church Establishment cease to be, and Ireland will revive; Roman Catholicism will be met on equal ground, and whatever is truth will conquer.'

‘It wants but a sagacious and bold prime minister to say to the stipendiaries of the Irish Church—“My lords and gentlemen, the Church Establishment in Ireland is over; but you shall suffer no wrong. The state which, in its wisdom and right authority, decrees that your functions shall cease, in its justice provides that all pecuniary engagements with you shall be rigidly fulfilled. Without liability to abatements, therefore, your incomes henceforth are secure. If, in future, you preach the Gospel, it is not of constraint, but of free-will.” Let but a prime minister of England say this, and let principalities and powers denounce and rage as it may please them, let the existence of adequate resources for the scheme, without burdening the empire, be denied, the united people will uphold him—the people that, through its representatives, consented to pay twenty millions to the planters—the people, looking forward to the reduction of the military and police force that now vex and demoralize Ireland, will ratify the engagement and see it fulfilled, and Ireland will be, what it is not now, *accessible* to light and truth. But if the government determine to medicate whether the patient will or nill, and in order to lessen her power of resistance, shall propose to gag or paralyze her advocates, by making them pensioners on its bounty; in a word, if the government, the government that legislatively affirms Roman Catholicism to be error, propose to pay the Catholic priesthood out of the public purse,—let the people denounce a scheme so monstrous, so inconsistent, so self-condemning. Let them say, Roman Catholics and Protestants alike—let them say that, while resolved that conscience shall be free, the *just* work shall be indebted only to *honourable* means, nor truth be compromised to uphold its semblance.

‘The writer cannot but be aware with what scorn by some, and with what anger by others, his proposition to annul the Protestant Establishment in Ireland will be received. But if the parties who will be thus indignant and angry knew how careful he is to discriminate between them and their system, how anxious to avoid any breach of Christian charity—how ready to do honour to *all* excellence wherever found, they would not only forgive, but justify, his *expression* of an opinion, that, right or wrong, they would then see could have been uttered only in obedience to a stern conviction both of its truth and importance. If those parties can subdue their emotions so far as their own pretensions to reason and truth demand, if, in fine, they will be *candid*, they will see that nothing has been proposed that men of honour and religion should refuse. Transfer the question, and let it be, shall England, numbering seven Protestants, or more, to one Catholic, be forcibly charged with the support of a Catholic hierarchy? Every Protestant is revolted. But, if justly, why? Is it because Roman Catholicism is error? Then the same sort of moral shock must be experienced by the people of Ireland, since, in their apprehension, *Protestantism* is error. But, it is argued, in reply to this, they mistake, it is *not* so, and therefore may be *lawfully* imposed upon them. Then cease, henceforth, all declamations against the doctrine of infallibility! For if Protestants *only* may claim public support for their religion, it is not the assumption of *infallibility* that is wrong, but its assumption by any save Protestants. But are English Protestants justly revolted

at the idea of a Roman Catholic hierarchy being forcibly upheld amongst them, its adherents being only as one to eight? Must not Ireland, then, be the same? Yes; the same, that is, *justly* revolted! Then what remains, but to decree *justice*, to relieve Ireland from her burden, and, by equitable laws, securing to all equal and perfect religious freedom, and full protection in well-doing, to give her the peace for which she sighs, and which it is *now* only a cruel mockery of her state to say, she has no taste to enjoy.

‘Some zealous Protestants will say, is this faithfulness to the God of truth, to withdraw His standard from the field, and abandon it to His foes? The question may be met by another, *Is it* doing so? Besides such an enquiry is a return to the argument already disposed of. If *justice* require that a Protestant Church establishment shall no longer be forced upon Ireland, to withdraw it is a duty to be done *at all events*; it is *to obey* the God of truth. And is *He* not to be trusted? Are His dictates to be slighted because their consistency with human notions of expediency and the requirements of His cause is not perceived? But to the point. Will the clergy, secured in their incomes, the friends of religion every where free and unembarrassed in their movements, cease to feel any interest in Ireland’s spiritual welfare? Will not every clergyman, able and willing to preach, be at liberty to do so, and be open to invitation, to that end, from any who would ask him? Will the noblemen and gentlemen who now so largely and generously sacrifice of their personal property, and so liberally act upon the voluntary principle in furtherance of divine truth, be inactive when all will depend upon free-will offering and spontaneous exertion? How unphilosophical! How libellous the thought!’

‘Consider lastly, that the withdrawalment of the *Protestant* Establishment is the only security against the establishment of its rival. Alarmists denounce the spread of liberalism, perhaps, in some views, not without reason. For, should it ever happen that the government become indifferent to religion, and take upon itself to affirm, at least practically, that one creed is as good as another, it will make no scruple to adopt the principle of “Jehovah, Jove, or Lord,” politicians, in establishing the religion which is that of the majority, *because it is such*, and the Roman Catholic, in such a case, may supersede the Protestant. This is so possible, nay, the flagitious proposal to pay the Roman Catholic priests out of the public purse, renders it so probable, that the only security against it is to decree that there shall be no established religion at all, but that all religious teachers shall be fully and alike protected, and equally regarded by the civil law.’

‘But some perhaps will return to the cry of “reform,” and say, had this been proposed instead of “dissolution,” we should have joined in it. But what imaginable reform would avail? If, for instance, it should be proposed to exempt those districts from ecclesiastical burdens where there is not above a certain number of Protestants; the affixing relief to a minimum of Protestants would only operate as a premium to Roman Catholic zeal, and set ingenuity to work to bring about the required condition. It would incite, because it would promise to reward,

the spirit of persecution ;—" make the residence of Protestants intolerable, and we shall have our end."—Truly enviable state of the luckless few who should be regarded as the instruments of injustice, and the obstacles to liberty ! Such a reform as would pacify Ireland is *impracticable*, and the only security, or chance for the maintenance of Protestant liberty, is to leave Protestants to their own resources as members in common of the body politic, and, as such, *fully*, but, as such, *only* eligible to the common benefits and protection assured to all alike by a just administration of equal laws.' pp. 15—28.

We do not deem it necessary to add a single remark of our own to these extended citations. Our readers have now the case fairly before them, *pro* and *con*. Lenio writes like a pious and thoughtful man, having no party object to serve ; and whatever may be thought of his opinions, no fault can be found with his spirit or intentions.

The Author of the Letter on National Property treats of various other topics ; in particular, of the question of Municipal Reform, the Admission of Dissenters to the Universities, the Royal Prerogative, the best means of bringing the House of Lords into harmonious co-operation with a Reformed House of Commons, and sundry matters to which we cannot now advert. We have confined our attention to his main subject, because it must be the grand question of the Session. Yet, Sir Robert Peel does not approach it, either in his Address, or in his Speech. The wily Baronet tells us, that he will correct proved abuses, and redress real grievances,—that he will not oppose this, and that he will consider of that ; but not a word about the Irish tithe ! Sir Robert, Sir Robert, what will you do with the Irish Church ?

The newspapers are filled with speculations respecting a forthcoming ministerial project of Church Reform, which is to place the Establishment upon a firmer basis than ever, and to leave all Dissenters without excuse ! Does Sir Robert dream that this measure will so amuse the public mind as to divert all attention from the wrongs and claims of Ireland ? Why was the late Cabinet dismissed ? *This question must receive an answer.* Not all the special pleading and eloquent sophistry in the world can reconcile it to the common sense of the people of England, that a ministry should be dismissed by a capricious exercise of prerogative, and Parliament make no inquiry into the cause. ' If a minister were to hold office at the caprice of the Court,' it is justly remarked, ' the Court, not Parliament, would be the field on which the battles for power would be fought.' The system of administration would then, in the words of Burke, ' be open to continual shocks and changes, upon the principles of the meanest cabal and the most contemptible intrigue.' Now it is well known that the Irish Church was the sunk rock upon which the late Administration foundered. Does Sir Robert flatter him-

self that the spring-tide of popularity will bear him harmless over that insidious danger? Successive Cabinets have been destroyed by the difficulty of dealing with this subject. Then have we not a right to ask, in the first instance, How does the new Ministry propose to meet the difficulty? Sir Robert is a man of expedients, not of principles. We give him credit for meaning to act up to his new professions; but he seems to us neither to understand the difficulties of his position, nor to be able to take the direct and comprehensive view of the subjects of legislative reform, which characterize the statesman. His policy is limited to pleasing this party, and neutralising that,—gaining here a vote, and there an adherent,—propitiating the Church and cajoling the Dissenters;—but this will not meet the exigencies of the times. Legislation must now fairly grapple with the questions, with all their difficulties, which are involved in the pending topics of debate, and which include the fundamental principles of government. *What will Sir Robert Peel do with the Irish Church?*

Art. III.—*Memoirs of the Rev. William Henry Angas*, ordained a "Missionary to Seafaring Men," May 11, 1822. By the Rev. F. A. Cox, LL.D., Honorary Member of the Rhode Island Historical Society, &c. &c. 12mo. Price 4s. London, 1834.

THE subject of this Memoir was descended from the ancient House of Angas, of which Dr. Cox has given us a few brief historical notices. But William Henry Angas has higher claims to public esteem than his ancestry. His true nobility was in his character. This was formed under auspicious circumstances, and by that Divine influence which alone can impart the substantial excellence of holy principle, of sanctified and devoted energy in advancing the best interests of mankind.

William Henry Angas was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on the 6th of October, 1781. At a very early period he displayed, says his biographer, 'an activity and vigour of mind, which, in 'after years, grew into great energy of character.' His own account of the way in which religious impressions first took possession of his heart, and the mode of their operation, is simple, and shews how God can reveal to babes what he is pleased to withhold from the wise and prudent. His education had been conducted with a view to his entering upon the legal profession; but when the time arrived for determining the question of his future course of life, he declined the law, alleging at the time, 'that he had heard it was extremely difficult for an honest man 'to pursue that calling.' The one he chose was equally dangerous, in a moral point of view, while it every moment exposed

his life to the most imminent peril. At his own request 'he was bound apprentice to the sea,' and soon 'grew partial to the profession, and to the class of men who followed it.' The scenes around him, however, he soon discovered, were most uncongenial with the growth of piety, and for a time threatened its extinction. 'I was not now,' he says, 'where family prayer was wont to be made, nor within the influence of a pious example, nor within the reach of the stated means of grace; but on an element where no spiritual verdure was seen to quicken.' The sad effects that became too visible in his spirit and deportment, were at length happily counteracted. Several accidents, so common to those who do their business on the great waters, occurred both to himself and others, which awakened him to a sense of his declension and wretchedness, checking, as he says, 'a wandering heart, leading it back again and again to a throne of grace, and making to flow afresh the tear of godly sorrow.' But every thing at sea is not unfavourable to devotion, especially where its flame has been previously kindled.

'It is wonderful,' Dr. Cox very justly remarks, 'how God has set one thing over against another; so that if the maritime profession be, in many or most of its services, singularly unpropitious to the condition of a mind just emerged from darkness to light, the intervals of leisure and the opportunities for reflection which it affords, may be regarded as furnishing a counterbalancing advantage. The solitude of the night-watch—the magnificence of the o'ceanopying heavens, in which every star has a voice speaking from the depths of space—the tranquillity of the moonlight sea, or the roar and stir and mighty tossings of the tempest-driven ocean—the very sense of distance from other created things, and of insignificance and helplessness amidst vast and uncontrollable powers—these, and a thousand other incentives to solemn meditation, are adapted to recall the wandering heart, and re-impress the forgotten lessons of wisdom and truth. Such, at least, appears to have been the effect upon this occasion.'

It seems from the scanty documents which have been preserved, that William Henry Angas went to sea on three experimental voyages—to Memel, Riga, and Stockholm. On the third he was captured by a French privateer, taken to a French prison, from which he made a vain effort to escape, but was at last restored to his native country by an exchange of prisoners; but just at the moment, when those indescribable emotions of delight which agitate the bosom at the sweet thought of home, had almost overpowered his reason, he was pressed, and forced immediately on board a king's ship-of-war! When shall this relic of a cruel and barbarian policy cease to disgrace a civilized and Christian land? From this peril he was also delivered. But his mental exercises during these strange and painful vicissitudes were peculiarly severe. His religious principles and feelings

fluctuated, till they seemed about to lose themselves in the corruptions of a heart, deceitful and desperately wicked.

“New circumstances,” he says, “brought along with them their new temptations, and not being sufficiently on my guard, and living too much in the neglect of prayer, I often fell, and pierced myself through with many sorrows. And often the Tempter would say. — ‘Why should you grieve and give way to desponding fears, when all your past experience has only proved that sin was more than a match for you? If God has decreed to save you, nothing would prevent him. To look, therefore, beyond this, would only embitter the present life, without being of benefit to that which is to come.’ But Hope, in her season, would as often return, and bear me above all these suggestions; whilst in desponding moments, the case of Peter’s fall and restoration has been more than once a source of much encouragement. At other times I was led to believe that the evil lay in a seafaring life, from its being so unfavourable to religion; that therein must be the chief cause of all my wanderings from the ways of God; and that in any other situation, where temptations to sin were less frequent, I should be the better able to live in a manner more acceptable to him. Under this impression, therefore, I acted upon the last resolution, in quitting the maritime pursuits for some other. Whatever circumstances might be connected with this rash step, it is known to Him who knows all things, that the principal cause was, that of a wounded spirit. On more mature reflection, however, I was led to see my error, and to see that the true cause of all the evil was to be found in my own heart; and go where I would, on the land or on the sea, this heart must go along with me. Hence I retraced my steps, and soon returned to the sphere in which Providence had placed me.”

A special work had been marked out for him by the Great Head of the church; — a sphere of useful exertion, in which the sympathies, and the habits of a sailor, his enterprise, his contempt of danger, and his generosity were peculiarly required. A sailor, therefore, it was necessary he should become. He soon rose to eminence in his profession; and after encountering various perils, and among them shipwreck, under circumstances the most appalling, he at length ‘desisted from the sea, and acted as ship’s ‘husband on land.’ It was during this period of comparative tranquillity, that his religious character matured into one of superior excellence. His increased intercourse with persons of enlightened and ardent piety operated powerfully on his heart, and

“I began,” he observes, “to feel an increasing desire to live more than I had hitherto done to the glory of God, in the good of my fellow men. With such a feeling on my mind, and with such opportunities as I had every day, and had had from a boy, of being acquainted with the abandoned condition of seafaring men in general, it will not be a matter of surprise that, sooner or later, I should have been brought

to compassionate that class in particular with an eye of more than common compassion, and one accompanied with the corresponding desire of becoming, in one way or another, instrumental to their salvation."

Secular concerns, in which he was for several years actively employed, in a great measure prevented this desire from manifesting itself, except in occasional visits to 'various seaports, for the purpose of promoting the cause of God amongst sailors, by the establishment of Sunday schools, the distribution of bibles and tracts, and occasional addresses.' But the long wished for hour at length arrived, when he could 'thankfully give the parting hand to every earthly consideration,' and give himself 'entirely to him from whom proceed all holy desires and just views without reserve, or one lingering look behind.' Accordingly, he devoted himself to preparatory studies, various courses of which he pursued at the Edinburgh University with characteristic ardour. With the unanimous concurrence of his friends, he spent one or two years at Brussels, in comparative seclusion, studying the classics, and particularly the Dutch and French languages, for the especial purpose of subserving the spiritual interests of sailors on the sea-coast of France and Holland; this object he continued to pursue at Rotterdam and at Zeist. While at the latter place, the constancy and the power of his principles of self-denial were put to a severe test; but they triumphed, and he refused accepting a station of great honour and emolument, for the sake of becoming a humble missionary to his poor perishing brethren of the sea. Having proceeded to the continent at first with the express view of qualifying himself, 'by the acquisition of foreign languages, to labour in a particular branch of service, he never lost sight of it, and the desire to advance the spiritual welfare of the maritime population of his own and other countries, entwined itself with his most cherished and anxious solitudes. This love to souls made him a moral hero; and he acted both piously and nobly in placing all earthly considerations on the altar of conscience, to present them in sacrifice to God.' (Page 49.)

Mr. Angas united himself with the Baptist church, under the pastoral care of the venerable Dr. Rippon, and having thus identified himself with this denomination, he naturally pursued his catholic plans of usefulness, in harmony and connexion with it. Thus, in 1820, with Mr. Ward, one of the Baptist missionaries in India, he visited Holland, the Baptist Missionary Society, of which they were the appointed agents, desiring to establish more intimate relations with their friends of kindred sentiment on the continent. Mr. Ward soon returned, leaving his coadjutor behind him, who determined to pursue his course through North Holland. His plan was to pass northwards as far as the

island of Texel, where the Baptists are numerous; thence to cross the Zuyder Zee, and land on the opposite coast of Friesland; to proceed north-eastwards to Groningen; and return southwards to the borders of Germany. This plan he executed, as far as repeated attacks of fever and general ill-health permitted. The results, as to information acquired and correspondences opened with the Mennonites, a most interesting and numerous class of continental Baptists, were exceedingly valuable and important.

In pursuance of his first purpose, Mr. Angas, upon his return from the continent, sought the earliest opportunity of taking up his residence in the neighbourhood of the College at Stepney, that he might obtain some instruction in theology, preparatory to more stated ministerial engagements. Having adopted this plan, and acted upon it for some time with his usual assiduity and success, in a letter to his father he thus describes the state of his mind, relative to the one great subject that interested and absorbed all his thoughts and feelings. After alluding to his studies, as laying the foundation for a solid and useful superstructure, he says:—

‘The next consideration then is, what and where shall be my future scene and sphere of action? In coming to a decision upon so important a question, after long deliberation and much prayer on my part, the only consideration with me, it seems, ought to be simply this—not where and how I shall best advance my secular interests—nor where and how I should promote my own personal ease or comfort;—nor where or in what way I shall acquire to myself the largest share of popularity as a preacher or as a scholar,—but where and how I may win most souls to Christ; and so to labour for him as to deserve from his lips, at the last and terrible day of God, this reward:—“Well done, thou good and faithful servant! enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

‘With this view of the case before me, and under the influence of motives in some small degree, I hope, proportioned to the importance of it, I have been led to consider the following as the leading parts of a plan of future labour, which, under the blessing of him who disposes all things wisely, is most likely to embrace and ensure the largest share of usefulness in the work to which I have set my hand. First, by the grace of God, I give myself up to his service, with a special view to the spiritual welfare of seafaring men: 1. By preaching the word among them in the principal sea-ports and along the coast; 2. Visiting ships, British and Foreign, and distributing the scriptures and tracts among them. Secondly, to unite with the cause of seamen that of the Baptist mission on the continent, chiefly as my seafaring labours may call me there.

‘The reasons with which such a course of labour as the above, with regard to myself, stand connected, will, I think, appear such as might be expected of me to assign. These are, 1st, Because seafaring men are known to all the world in general, and to me as one of that class in

particular, to be more destitute of the gospel than any other class of men. 2ndly, That a far greater proportion of them are swept into eternity than other men by premature death.—3dly, None is so likely to feel for them as one who has himself been an eye-witness to the dangers, hardships and sufferings which are inseparable from their lot; and having from a boy been accustomed to their habits and line of life, none more proper to enter into all the circumstances of their life; and consequently, the most fit to exhort, to warn, to admonish, and to console them in the great things of salvation.—4thly, Because of the paramount desire I feel, beyond any other class of men, that they should be made partakers with myself of the heavenly gift; of which I trust the Lord has, in much mercy, given me to taste.—5thly, This desire is the same which *alone* influenced me to leave all secular prospects for their sakes.—6thly, That I have reason to believe this desire was of God, from the circumstance of my having been enabled to turn a deaf ear to all, from other quarters, which promised so much more of what the world calls good and great, than it seems likely for me to realise in the line of duty before me.—7thly and lastly, Because He, from whom all good desires flow, seems so remarkably to have paved the way for me, since I first thought of his service, by raising up arks in different sea-port towns, causing several societies to be formed—and is forming more; all which seem in the plainest manner to say to me, “This is the way, walk ye in it.” And besides all this I am persuaded, that when true religion shall become more general among the seafaring classes, they will be most powerful auxiliaries to the cause of missions in the different parts of the world where their profession from time to time calls them to visit.

‘But there is one question which may properly arise to you out of all this: “Whence am I to draw my secular support?” I have no other reply to give to this, than, “Out of my own funds for the present.” Do not infer from this, that I am of opinion the labourer is not worthy of his secular hire. I believe on the contrary he is, and that if possible more so than a workman in any other line. But then at the same time, I limit this to cases where there is no other adequate means of support. As to myself, I am as yet without any family incumbrance: and the interest of what is my own is abundant for me; which, in my expenditure I never have, nor ever intend to exceed.’

In this spirit, so enlightened, so devout, and so generous, Mr. Angas was publicly ordained as a Christian Missionary to seafaring men. The solemnity took place on board the Floating Chapel at Bristol, on Wednesday evening, May the 11th, 1822. This office he undertook in connexion with ‘The British and Foreign Seaman’s Friend Society and Bethel Union,’ in London. This Society he cherished and supported to the end of his days; and entertained a loathing approaching to horror, when referring, as he was sometimes called upon to do, to the base selfishness and hypocrisy with which it was assailed by one who as a ‘brother seaman,’ ought to have sacrificed his life rather than injure, much less betray, the best interests of that class of men from

among whom he had risen, and with whose well-being he affected to identify his own.

In 1822 Mr. Angas visited the continent a second time. The direct purpose of this journey was, as before, to promote the objects of the Baptist Missionary Society. But at every port, in every harbour and river, he met with sailors. In the winter of 1823, he conducted worship to overflowing audiences on board different ships, and for six weeks alternately, in the 'Hope,' of Greenock, and 'The Admittance,' of Boston, the two most spacious vessels in the port of Hamburg at the time. But it forms no part of our plan to follow this good man through all the progress of his useful exertions. His brief notices, and sometimes animated sketches of the Mennonites, The Bernese Baptists, and The Baptists of Moutier, in L'Evêche de Basle, will be read with deep interest. It is one of the inscrutable mysteries of Providence that a man of such principles, possessing such advantages for the successful prosecution of the arduous task which he had imposed upon himself, should have been so soon removed from the field of labour. He, however, was nothing appalled by the suddenness of the summons. The last sentence he uttered was in these words: 'Christ is precious to me now—never so precious before—all my salvation, all my desire.'

The work before us will prove peculiarly acceptable to sailors, and we sincerely hope that it will excite the attention of the Christian Public to that society of which the respectable Author of this Memoir is one of the gratuitous secretaries—we mean the British and Foreign Sailors' Society—where a brother of Mr. Angas is a treasurer, and in connexion with which, in the true spirit of his departed relative, he supports a Thames Missionary at his own expense.

Art. IV. *Sketches of Corfu, Historical and Domestic*; its Scenery and Natural Productions: interspersed with Legends and Traditions. 12mo. pp. 445. London, 1835.

WE have taken up this volume more than once for the purpose of forming a critical opinion of its merits, but have found ourselves unable to read far without growing tired of the pleasure which, for a page or two, it imparted. Yet we have felt irresistibly inclined to look into it again, and have always met with something to be pleased with. Thus, as often as we have made up our mind to be provoked with the signs of book-making it exhibits, we have lighted on some lively picture or some solid information, which has disarmed us of all critical severity. Gen-

the reader, have you ever listened to vivacious prattle till you were tired, and turned away from the groupe with something of lordly feeling, and then, after a while, found yourself attracted back again. If so, you will understand the critic's predicament, having to deal with the production of a lady, which has alternately pleased and provoked us with its strange patchwork texture of journal, legend, dialogue, narrative, poetry, and sentimental gossip. All that we can say is, that it is a very agreeable medley, but not so good a book as might have been made with the Author's talents and opportunities, had she been able to follow any plan, or to keep in the same mood long together.

The contents are arranged in chapters, bearing for their titles the names of the months from February onwards; the Author's design being to offer 'a faint sketch of the appearance of the 'country as the seasons progressed.' The legends and historical anecdotes interspersed are stated to have been collected from the conversation of the natives, the archives of the city, and various ancient chronicles. Our first extract will introduce the reader to the family in which she was domesticated.

'Our house is a rambling old place, in which a great deal of room is completely thrown away; long corridors with no thoroughfare, halls that are never used, and recesses inhabited only by spiders. The ground-floor is a mere warehouse, and let out as such; the premier was, I suspect, never used before my arrival, being considered too good to be used. The family consists of my good host, the Count Giovanni Asinelli, his wife, two daughters, a son, son's wife, and a young niece from Venice, staying on a visit. The family sitting-room is furnished much in the Italian style, with large Venetian mirrors; bad engravings in ebony frames; a table which never leaves the centre of the room; an old grand piano, in which the forte predominates; and a divan that occupies two sides of the apartment. There is also a lamp hanging from the ceiling, but is merely ornamental. The picture of the Virgin is invariably placed in the master's sleeping room; a lamp burns before it day and night, and a variety of charms and offerings hang about the walls. As for books, I never saw one in the house, except my own; they are confined to the libraries of the learned and professional men; indeed, the Greeks are far too busy, running about from place to place to hear the news, to care much about reading.

'The count himself is descended from one of the oldest families in the islands. As he married at fourteen, and began housekeeping a year after, he had no opportunity of remedying a bad education by travel, according to the fashion of his country. He is a very favourable specimen of the Greek nobility; and I fear, rather to be considered as a *lusus naturæ*, than as one of a genus. He is a man of strong shrewd sense, and possesses a larger portion of natural apprehension of right and wrong, than I ever before witnessed, for with every external disadvantage, abandoned early in life to his own guidance, living for many years under the most corrupt government in

Europe, he yet possesses high and honourable feeling. Many years ago, a trifling event occurred, which will give you an idea of the man and of the manners of the times. A treasurer was to be chosen for one of the Ionian isles, in which his estates lay, and in which he had spent his youth and early manhood. The men, with whom the nomination rested, were Venetians, utter strangers to the place, and its inhabitants. At a loss to choose for a situation of high trust, among candidates, of whom they absolutely knew nothing, they seated themselves at an open window of a house at the extremity of the town, and calling in every man as he passed by to his daily labour, inquired who among their nobles was the most honest and upright? The Count Asinelli was named by nine-tenths.

'The countess,—I can but smile at her title,—looks more like a slatternly cookmaid, than any thing else. She wears the Italian dress; indeed, I know only one Greek family among the higher orders, who persist in retaining their own costume. One day in the week, the lady is dressed for company; on any other day, if her friends call, she is "not at home:" she goes about the house in a wrapping gown, and dirty untidy night-cap, a bunch of huge keys dangle from her waist, and an enormous pair of diamond ear-rings repose tranquilly on her shoulders. She can neither read nor write, but pickles and preserves to a nicety; and she is the sole nurse of her little grandchild. She is always regretting having left a house in the square, because, she says, "It was so nice; I could sit at the window all day, and call up the men when I wanted to buy cabbages and lemons." This good lady is a great enemy to all innovation, and will not eat a potatoe for the world; for she says, it is the very fruit with which the Devil tempted Eve. She has two sisters married and settled in India, and if you ask her in what part, she will answer, "In the Isle of France." One day I showed her a map of Hindostan, and she pointed to the Ganges, and asked if it was the Jordan? On one present remarking, that India abounded in rivers, "Yes, indeed," she replied, "if these be their mouths," pointing to the lines which map-makers draw round the edge of the land. The eldest son, Count Giovanni, (in this country all the children of a nobleman take the title of count and countess, and you will not seldom hear inquiries after the Countess-sisi-na,) is married and lives in the house. As long as the father of a family lives, he claims the earnings of all his children, and keeps them all in utter dependence on him. Giovanni has travelled and seen the world; nay, I believe he spent three years in a college at Pisa; he fancies himself a prodigy of learning and talent, and because he had an English master for three months in Italy, he talks cleverly of Sterne's romances, and Goldsmith's sermons. He assured me very solemnly that the sun never shines in England; and when I asked with becoming humility, how, in that case, our fruits and flowers come to perfection, he answered, "your fruits ripen in hot-houses, and your roses are pretty enough, but they have not the least fragrance." This same clever person fancies himself an adept in politics, and knows the names of all our leading men by heart. We were holding a debate one evening, as to who should be appointed as successor to our late governor; one said, Lord Duncannon; another

named Sir Alexander ; a third, wished for Sir Lowry Cole. Giovanni came in, and settled the matter in a moment : — “ The Duke of York was coming out immediately.” pp. 16—19.

Our next specimen is a sketch of the family of a Greek peasant.

One of the count's servants married many years ago, and is settled in the little village of Castrades, about a mile out of town. As his cottage offers an admirable specimen of the Greek peasantry, I will describe it to you, only premising, that he is better off than many of the villagers. He does not stew myrtles for soup, or eat the weeds out of the fields, as many of them do. Stefanò, on his wedding-day, took his wife's mother to his house, and she still lives with them ; he has two daughters, and a happier or more united family I never beheld. Stefanò is industrious, and very ingenious ; his cottage contains two rooms ; the outer one is neither ceiled nor floored ; one door opens on the road, another opposite to a pretty garden ; for furniture, it contains a few benches, a table, a large carved Venetian chest, and two portraits of some of the old Venetian governors ; all want of other ornament is made up by a superabundance of live pets. These kind-hearted people take in all the stray dogs and birds of the neighbourhood ; and Stella, the eldest girl, nurses them with the greatest fondness. In this very room are three singing birds, a whole family of pigeons under the table, a lame cat, and a little jumping black cur, who seems very well inclined to domineer over all the others. One day, we were caught in a shower, and ran in for refuge. Henrietta was mounted on a donkey, so Stefanò would not rest till the donkey was brought in also, and there he stood in the middle of the room, braying in perfect astonishment, to the great amusement of the rest of its inmates. The inner room, the sanctum, is finished with a far greater degree of neatness. I suspect that Stefanò spends half his earnings on it. It is floored, and what is still more uncommon, the floor is kept constantly scrubbed ; in the next place, the beams and tiles are hidden by a very neat ceiling of bamboos closely twined together ; and, lastly, the most expensive improvement of all, one window is actually glazed. The place of glass is generally supplied, in these lowly cottages, by cloth strained over a frame, or by gypsum, which is found in some parts of the island in pieces sufficiently large and thin. This room contains two beds, on handsome bedsteads, each covered with a white counterpane, and, folded neatly over at the top, is a snow-white frilled sheet ; you may suppose these are taken off every night. Stefanò and his wife occupy one bed ; the other is shared by the grandmother, two girls, and Chloe, the afore-named little black cur. Old Katrina assured me that she could not sleep without Chloe, and “ he is just as fond of me, Signora,” she continued ; “ he goes round to kiss them all every night, but he always comes to sleep on my arm.” Every Greek housewife, even the poorest, prides herself on the whiteness and trimming of her bed-linen. Exactly opposite the door hangs a picture of the Virgin, a black beauty, and the back-ground, as in all the pictures of the Greek churches, is gilt ; a lamp hangs before her, but it is only lighted on feast-days, though always full of oil. On St. John's eve, the lamp is emptied

before the house, and some wish is spoken for the good of the family, which is sure to be granted. The portraits of many other saints hang about the walls. On each side of the door stands a sofa, that indispensable piece of Greek furniture, and an old-fashioned bureau, decorated with the various curiosities of the children: among them, stands conspicuous an English doll, which we dressed for Angelica, carefully preserved under a paper case.

Behind the house is the flower-garden, neatly arranged with Maltese vases at the corners of the beds. There is a pleasant trelliced vine-walk all round, and in one corner a large stone well: this, too, is shaded by trellice-work, which forms a pretty arbour. Many an idle noontide hour have I loitered away there, gathering grapes, as they hung almost into my mouth, and listening to the auldwife-stories and country traditions of the good old "Nonna." Here, as everywhere, the old legends are passing into oblivion, and those ceremonies which the grandmother practised in her young days with superstitious reverence, are laughed at by her children. But I love these remnants of the olden day, these footprints of the fairies, and it is good and refreshing sometimes to turn away from the cold reasoning of truth, and hear the old woman tell how, in her maiden prime, she used to join a company of merry girls, on the eve of Midsummer day, and they would put a flower-bell, each choosing her own favourite, into a wide-mouthed bottle, and lower it into the well, walking round, and singing all the time, and each one uttering her secret invocation to the goddess Flora, with the name of some favourite peasant lad in her heart; and how, early on the following morn, they used to hasten thither, and woe to those lasses whose flowers were floating with their faces downwards! Then the old "Nonna" tells me never to walk out at noon in June and July, for then the evil spirits are abroad, free to work their wicked will; and if I admire any thing she values,—her grandchild's hair, or Chloe's silken ears, she spits on the floor, and exclaims, "Anathema," to avert the "evil eye." This "evil eye" seems a very formidable bugbear. I never yet saw a Greek child without an amulet sown in a leathern bag, and hanging round its neck, to avert the dread influence.

The little village is thus described.

Castradès consists of one long straggling street, with shops, such as they are, on each side of it; tables covered with fish, roasted chestnuts, grapes, and brown bread; two or three churches, outside of which the papas stand pulling the bells, and dunning one with noise from morning till night. There is, too, an English alehouse, distinguished by the sign of the Two soldiers, and between this street and the sea there is a straggling irregular row of cottages, in one of which Stefanò lives. The inhabitants of Castradès are as remarkable for their peaceful, as those of Manducchio are for their quarrelsome dispositions; and of this you may perceive signs, even outside their dwellings. You will not pass a cottage in Castradès that has not flower-pots on the roof, and about the doorway, and a bird-cage hanging by the window;—no man who loves birds and flowers is either a

quarreller or a drunkard ; and so indeed they say, that the English sailor who last kept the alehouse, failed for want of customers,—perhaps he loved too well to draw for himself. More than half these cottagers are supported by their potteries, which occupy the ground before and behind their cottages. The jugs and pitchers are all set out in squares, to harden in the sun, in front of the factory, which stands a little way back from the road. I assure you, I have had some very elegant Grecian vases manufactured there.—But it is not all this which renders Castradès so interesting to me. It is built on the site of the ancient city of Corçira, the capital of the island.

‘ I love this little peaceful village, as much for the veil which the days of departed grandeur have thrown over it, as for the interest which, being built by the sea, and inhabited by fishermen, it still possesses. Therefore, I often bend my evening walk hither. At their cottage doors, the villagers, old and young, are seated ; in various, always picturesque groups. A mother, with her playful children clinging about her, resting a moment from her work to caress them ;—a young wife, with her first-born, looking, as much as may be, like a mummy in its swaddling-clothes, reposing on one arm, while the other hand flings back the falling veil ;—two or three idle girls standing about a door-way, pretending to wind flax, and looking quite classical with their old-fashioned rocs and olive faces ;—a group of merry boys, with bamboos across their shoulders, imitating the English exercise ;—a widow, making nets, fastened to the back of a chair, and looking far over the ocean all the time, to see if her only one is not returning ;—an old man, sitting on his door-step, with his pipe in his mouth, watching the movements of his grandchild in a go-cart beside him :—and all these several people have one common point of interest among them. The matron promises her children their supper, when their father shall come home ; the young bride thinks the long long day will never finish ; the maidens are impatient to join the evening dance ; all are casting from time to time, anxious glances towards the sea.

‘ And how beautiful is the little bay itself ! Near the shore is a fisher’s boat just come in. All the idle stragglers of the village wade off, knee deep, and surround it : then such shouting, and screaming, and laughter, and noise, as each fills his basket with fish, and wades back again to the shore ! A little further on are twenty or thirty men, yoked together with ropes, and pulling with all their might at a very heavy net, in the contents of which they all hold some share. Scattered about the bay are many graceful latteen sails, waving with every slight breeze ; farther off is the round white ruined mill, rising at the end of a mole which runs some little way into the sea. The sun, which is setting in the opposite quarter of the sky, lights it up with his last rays, and makes it shine forth like a beacon light. Away, beyond the blue waves, the view is bounded by the mountains, and gleaming in the distance is a little white shining speck. A sea-bird ! No, it is a ship ; it may be a noble English ship, bearing us good tidings from that dear land which, if it were not for these welcome visitants, we might, in this our island solitude, almost deem a fancied region.’ pp. 90—99.

We meet with a good deal of information and many intelligent remarks upon the social character and religion of the Ionian Greeks; but unfortunately, the Writer's own observations are so scattered and intermixed with gleanings from books and scraps of dialogue, which we must presume to be in part imaginary, as to affect the authenticity of her description. Yet, we have no doubt of the substantial correctness of her representation. At pp. 134—139, we have a meagre and incorrect account of the Greek Church, and of the heathen superstitions still surviving among the Greeks, 'borrowed principally from Ponqueville.' Not the least curious fact, if it be such, is, that 'there are yet people in Cefalonia, who remember seeing the *oboto* placed in the coffin to pay old Charon!' The following account of the ceremonies observed at Easter, is added, we presume, from the Writer's personal knowledge.

'Exactly at noon, all the bells in the city burst out in one peal: at the same moment the bishop says, "Our Lord is risen;" and crash, crash, crash, go all the broken pots and pans out of all the windows in all the narrow dirty streets of Corfu; while the old women, who have been on the *qui vive* for the moment, exclaim, "Avaunt fleas, bugs, and all vermin! make way for the Lord of all to enter! The people have eaten nothing but vegetables for forty days; and now, alas! for the lambs." At the door of every house may be seen the master with his white apron on, and knife in his hand: he cuts, himself, the throat of the poor little wretch, and ere life has quite departed, dips a lock of wool in the blood, and marks a cross on the lintel of the doorway.' p. 139.

'I have been for some time trying,' the Writer says in another place, 'to understand the religion of the Greeks. As far as I have hitherto succeeded, it appears a strange mixture of feasts and fasts, of ringing of bells and uttering jargon.' The religion is easily understood. It is the same superstition, substantially, that prevails on both shores of the Adriatic. The only difference consists in the dialect of the jargon, and in the names of the patron saints who occupy the place of the classic deities. Corfu worships St. Spiridion, whose image or 'mummy' is borne in grand military procession on his festival; and the British Governor, 'the representative of majesty, was to be seen following, bare-headed, the idol of the people!' Well might the Author blush for her countrymen. Most disgraceful to the national character is such a prostitution of religious principle and decency*. 'Lit-

* One of the (imaginary?) interlocutors, Harry Dormer, is made to exclaim, after attending this procession, 'At last I have given them the slip. It is really a most abominable stretch of authority for the Governor to force us to take part in this ridiculous mummerly. He sent

'the sick children,' we are told, 'were brought out, and laid in the road, that the shadow of the saint might pass over them!' The following dialogue embodies, we presume, the substance of real conversation.

' "We are on the old subject," said I, of religion;—"for I had already held many an argument with my worthy host.

'THE CONTE'. Ah, Signorina, and it is one, on which we shall never agree, though I think we approach nearer than we did. Did I not hear you say this morning, that you do not believe in the divinity of the pope, as those vagabond Italians do?

' "You did," I replied; "we believe the pope to be, as it may happen, good, bad, or indifferent,—a man."

' HARRY. Or an old woman,—as it may happen.

' THE CONTE'. And the Virgin,—blessed be her name!—do you not worship her?

' MRS. FLOWERS. We do not:—she was good and innocent, but she was mortal, and we may not worship aught but the immortal Three in One.

' THE CONTE'. And we worship all that we are taught to consider as holy. This little cross (here he took an ebony cross from its resting place near his heart) receives my adoration night and morning. I have worn it from childhood, and thrice it has saved my life; from drowning, from robbers, and from the plague.

' "Do you think," asked Harry, inquisitively, "it will save you again, if this terrible cholera should, as we fear it will, find us out in this distant isle?"

' THE CONTE'. Doubtless it will save me, as it has done before.

' THE CONTESSA. Ah, if that terrible disorder should indeed come, we must put our trust in our protector. (The good lady raised her hands and eyes to heaven; you would have thought she appealed to the Almighty; but she appealed to St. Spiridion.)

' "The divinity of the Virgin, the necessity of saintly mediation, the doctrines of purgatory and of transubstantiation, are the chief points of faith wherein we differ from you," said I to the Conté, anxious to obtain some more information on the subject; "but there are many external points, less essential, perhaps, but of more power to influence the people, which we cannot approve. For instance, your reading the church service in an unknown tongue, as is the ancient Greeks to the common people; your substituting such lives of the saints as that we have just heard, for the Word inspired by the Holy Spirit; your prayers for the dead"—

' THE CONTE'. Stay, lady: I will answer your objections singly. It is only on one day in the year, on the saints' festival day, that their lives are read aloud in the churches. As to our prayers for the dead,—

' for us this morning, and said, he should consider the absence of any one of his officers as a mark of disrespect to himself. I suppose he had been reading the fable of the fox who had lost his tail!—*Who was this Governor?*

‘HARRY. Ah, my good sir, pray justify that; there is so much poetry in the idea, that I would fain believe in its efficacy myself; the petition of your beggars never fails to transfer the denari from my pocket to theirs. “For the love of the souls of your dead ancestors, charity!” I cannot resist such an appeal, though, Heaven knows, I have inherited little enough from my dead ancestors; rest their souls!

‘THE CONTE’. Do you not pray for your distant friends, for the well-doing of their souls and bodies?

‘HARRY. Assuredly, it is allowed by our church.

‘THE CONTE’. If you pray then for their souls while they live, why not pray for their souls which perish not after death?

‘MRS. FLOWERS. Because it is written, “As the tree falleth, so it shall lie.”

‘THE CONTE’. As to reading the Scriptures in the Romaic tongue, it is a thing too absurd to mention. Every man would interpret them after his own manner, and we should have, pardon me, Signorina, as many sects and schisms as you have in England: we leave the interpretation to the papas; they tell us what is right, and we practise it.

‘HARRY. Sometimes, when right happens to be convenient.

‘MRS. FLOWERS. But would it not be better to draw from the fountain head itself? The holy book is, in all its practical parts, so easy to be understood.

‘THE CONTE’. Not by the utterly ignorant.

‘MRS. FLOWERS. Then why not teach your people?

‘THE CONTE’. Because they are unwilling to learn, and the papas are unable to teach.

‘MRS. FLOWERS. Pardon me. When I was at Cefalonia, last autumn, I offered, one Sunday evening to read a chapter from a Romaic Bible, to the old Greek couple in whose house I lodged. At first they were all astonishment. “Why,” exclaimed Donna Maria, “she reads better than the priest!” But they soon lost this feeling, in deep and devoted attention; they soon learned to love and admire the Bible histories, and begged me every evening to read to them more about the good Abraham, and the pious Jacob. The old woman had never heard even their names before, and she lamented, with tears in her eyes, that it was now too late for her to learn to read. She had been taken to church on festa days, all her life long, and listened to a long jargon, but no more thought of trying to understand it, than she would of thought of trying to fly home. These people are not unwilling to learn, but they have not the opportunity. Undeterred, except by the probability of punishment if they are found out, and by the very faintest glimmering of a future life, can it be a matter of surprise if they should plunge into every crime?

‘HARRY. But the priests, why do they not teach them verbally?

‘MRS. FLOWERS. The priests are the worst part of the population, neither respected nor respectable. So ignorant, that they often read prayers for rain, when they are directed to pray for fine weather; many of them, in fact, cannot read, but merely learn the service by heart;—so contemned, that often when convicted of theft, they may be seen, two or three working in chains on the roads, with their sacer-

dotal robes about them ;—so poor, that many of them are forced to work as bricklayers, &c. Their very language is a lie ; they come into your house with a white loaf, and tell you the Virgin has sent it ; another day they come with incense and myrtle boughs, to sprinkle and bless your home, and if the master is not at home to pay them, walk off without performing their duty. Are these the men to reform a nation ?

‘THE CONTE’. Have you finished condemning our religion and its ministers ?

‘HARRY. Not quite ; I have one other fault to find with your faith,—a fault she shares with her elder sister of Rome. She substitutes a blind and erring doctrine for all the softer feelings of nature. To believe, is all ; to act nothing. Yesterday I was reading of Irene, the Grecian empress, who put out the eyes of her son Constantine. This deed, justly execrated by all other writers, is thus commented on by one of your church : “ This action may appear cruel ; but Constantine was a heretic, and it is real piety to conquer the feelings of nature, for the public good of religion and mankind.” What but the blindest bigotry could thus contemplate with satisfaction a mother depriving her child of the blessed light of Heaven !

‘THE CONTE’. Signore ! signore ! I have done ; enjoy your opinions, I shall not change mine ; I was brought up in the Greek church, and without reflecting on its errors, I will die in it.

‘ And so we separated, as usual, each party firmer than ever in their own opinions.’ pp. 129—134.

We shall throw together two or three additional illustrations of the character and customs of these Ionians.

‘ One evening, the little white church on the esplanade being illuminated, we walked up the broad grassy steps, and went in to see what was going forward. The walls were almost covered with wreaths and bouquets, some real, some artificial. A papa, in his damask robes, sat before the sanctuary, by a little table, on which were placed a glass case, containing the leg-bone of St. Bernard, and a plate filled with oboli. He did not say to us, as Papa Bulgari did, when we visited the cathedral on the day on which St. Spiridion is exposed for the worship of the people,—“ Approach ! although you are heretics, fear not ; you may kiss his great toe if you please ! ” but he glanced his keen, restless eye from us to the plate very significantly, expecting perhaps that we should follow the example of the Greeks, kiss the case, and deposit some coin. I asked Count Laurelli why he did not do as his countrymen did ; but he laughed, and answered, “ I have given them some money, and that is all the poor devils care for ! ” ’

‘ As we walked down the pass, some bits of rag tied to a stick attracted my attention, and I was about to twitch them off as I passed ; but the Count Laurelli caught my hand in a great hurry, exclaiming, “ Corpo di Bacco ! leave that alone ! you’ll catch the fever, or madness, or something as bad ! Yes ! ” he continued, as I looked at him with surprise, “ when our peasantry have any thing the matter with them, they go to the papa ; he exercises the evil spirit by which they are

possessed, and ties some rags to a bit of stick : the evil spirit passes into the rags ; and if any one should, by ill luck, touch them, he becomes afflicted with the same malady. Nay," he continued, affecting to smile, " of course *I* do not believe these superstitions ; but it is as well not to run any risk. Come along, Signorina, the carriage is waiting ; don't stand looking at that stick all day."

" I am not looking at the stick ; I am admiring the sun, sinking in flames of living fire behind that dark groupe of pines. Did you ever see any sight more splendid, Count Laurelli ? " But the Count shrugged his shoulders, and walked off, murmuring as he went, *Pazza, pazza !*

' One Greek will ask another, who such a person is, and the answer is sure to be, with a significant touch of the forehead, "*E Inglese, matto !*" (He is an Englishman, mad.) No love, however, is lost : they hold us in utter contempt, and we look on them as removed but one degree from donkeys. Our opinion is the most correct.

' They think of nothing but gain. I never listened to the conversation of two Greeks for five minutes, without hearing the words "*oboli*" and "*currants*" ; so you may imagine to what an extent their minds are cultivated. The women are, of course, more ignorant than the men : scarcely any of them can read ; and the quick wit for which people of their nation are celebrated, denied lawful exercise, spends itself in anxious inquiries into the affairs of their neighbours, and in forming contrivances to elude the watchfulness of their husbands and fathers.

' The Count came into my sitting-room one day, and, seeing Glyceria at the window, whither she had been half led and half dragged by her cousin, gave the poor girl so severe a blow on the face as to draw blood ; and yet he is reckoned a kind and indulgent father. Let us, however, hope for better things. There is a school in the town now, conducted by a young Scotchwoman on the English plan, to which some of the Greeks have been persuaded to send their girls. These girls, naturally clever, learn English, and thus have access to our numerous and excellent books for children and young persons. They will become mothers, and, having learned the inestimable advantages of education, will not suffer the precious prize to elude the grasp of their children. . . . Let us hope the time will come, when the Corfiote ladies, unrestrained by bolts and bars, and by the jealous watchfulness of their lords,—obedient only to the law of principle,—will bless the day when the English came among them, and taught them to acquire the confidence, as well as the love of their masters.'

p. 257 ; pp. 296—8.

" I am not surprised," said Harry, " that in these times, when the march of intellect is enlightening almost every other people in Europe, the island Greeks remain superstitious as ever, when such precautions are taken to eternize the memory of every pretended miracle your saint has wrought."

" Pretended ! do you call it ? " answered the Count, waxing wroth at this insinuation of the young Englishman. " I can tell you, young Signor, that when the people of your nation first came among us, neither I nor my countrymen could be persuaded to believe, that you

professed any religion at all. We never saw you at your devotions; you had no church here, and your Sabbaths were spent in riding over old women, making bets, and ransacking our orange-groves and vineyards. It was not till two or three good English missionaries came among us to teach our children, and comfort our poor, that we could be brought to believe that the English nation was not a nation of heathens."

" "And pray," inquired Mrs. Flowers, "what sort of an idea had you formed of us before our arrival?"

"The old man paused a moment, ere he replied:

" "You will be surprised, and Mr. Dormer will laugh at our simplicity, when I tell you that we expected peace and prosperity to follow in your footsteps! I well remember the harangue made just before your arrival, by the President of the Senate, Mons. le Baron Theotoky. He was one of the few who persuaded us to solicit the protection of the British. He mounted the rostrum in the cathedral, and he told us, that when you came hither, our streets would flow with wine and honey, and that we should only have to stoop to pick up gold and silver. He painted, in like terms of oriental exaggeration, all the good that would accrue to us from your protection; and he concluded by drawing down an awful imprecation on his own head if his words were not the words of truth. 'If I have spoken aught that I do not implicitly believe,' said he, 'or aught that will not be fulfilled, may my son lose the use of his reason, and may my daughter perish in the bloom of her youth.' Events speak for themselves. He, in whose temple Theotoky spoke, suffered it not to be profaned. Theotoky's daughter died at the early age of sixteen, and his son is a confirmed lunatic. And after this, will you endeavour to shake the faith the people place in their holy saint?"' pp. 304—306.

Nothing seems more surprising than that these Islanders should discover so little genuine admiration of nature. Our Author affirms that they cannot even understand the sentiment;—that they care not to acquire any information that will not bring them *oboli*; that they laugh at generosity, and call enthusiasm madness. 'I have learned,' she says, 'during my travels, to thank Heaven devoutly for three things:—that I was born an English-woman, and not a Greek; that I was bred a Protestant, and not a Roman Catholic; and that God has given me an eye to see, and a heart to love, all that is beautiful and glorious in his beautiful and glorious world.' Alas! how applicable are the lines of Bishop Heber's hymn to these fair regions!—

—'Every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.'

Here is another picturesque scene, yet how sad the reflections which blend with it!

'There is a laugh and a shout in the valley! they are picking up the olives;—fifteen or twenty young girls, and half-a-dozen venerable

matrons. There is no such thing as a middle-aged woman in the Grecian isles: they pass, immediately, from beautiful girls to ugly old women. There they are, with their yellow veils and scarlet aprons, kneeling, all in a row, and depositing the fruit in the round flat baskets on the grass. The lazy people: their oil would be as good as that of Lucca or Florence, if they would but exert themselves so far as to shake the trees, or even pick the fruit up as it falls; but no, that would be a trouble; they would be forced to walk from their cottages, which are, perhaps, half a mile distant, every day, for the purpose; and they think it far better to wait till all has fallen, and pick it up good and bad, ripe and decayed together.

‘We ascended a hill by the road side, to look at the church; for there is scarcely a hill without one on its summit. On some benches by the door, and on the steps leading to it, were seated a dozen boys,—ragged, happy-looking eight-year-olders: each held a book as ragged and dirty as himself. They were all reading, or rather chaunting, at once; whilst a priest, dressed in a thread-bare blue velvet robe, fastened round his waist by a leathern girdle, walked up and down before them, also accompanying them with his voice. He held a myrtle-bough in his hand, which occasionally performed the office of the cane; but this admonitory weapon being, at times, too gentle to fix their wandering attention, he, at last, laid hold of one little urchin’s ear, and gave it a very unfriendly twist. It was quite impossible to help laughing; and even the culprit joined. Then the old priest turned round, and seeing he had so amused us all, smiled benevolently, and, for our further diversion, tweaked all the boy’s ears one after another. So much as a sample of a real genuine Greek village school!’ pp. 345—47.

We must make room for a peep into the Ionian Parliament, the Greek House of Commons!

‘Dandolo was making a very magnificent speech the other day:—“You are wrong,” said he to his colleagues, “to imagine that the ministers in England countenance the proceedings of which you complain: they are just and good, and hesitate not to recall governors of their distant provinces and colonies, when such governors do not act uprightly and judiciously. Ay! even from the far-off territory of India, they recalled a man who oppressed the people, and presumed too far on his authority.”

“What was his name?” slyly asked a certain lawyer, who did not believe a word of all this rhodomontade.

“His name,” answered Dandolo, not for a moment at a loss,—“his name was Lord Straffergath.”

“You are mistaken,” interposed another member of the noble assembly, who, having spent a few weeks in England, was rather more *au fait* as to the nomenclature of its inhabitants; “the name of the governor was Malcolm.”

‘But Dandolo would not yield, and the two debated for at least half an hour on this precious point of dispute.’ pp. 356, 57.

The political history of the Ionian Republic, since it has been

under the protection of Great Britain, would, if disclosed, reflect little credit, we fear, on the wisdom of its Supreme Rulers. The appointment of Lord Nugent as Lord High Commissioner, has been vehemently censured. Yet, had his Lordship's judgment been as good as his intentions, his government would have been a blessing to the island. Unhappily, however, in his eagerness to make political experiments, he disdained to confer with experience, and distrusted those by whose advice he ought to have been guided. A private letter from a Correspondent, dated January of last year, adverts in the following terms to his Lordship's well meant but ill advised innovations;—‘ On the subject of Ionian policy I can say but little at present. Lord Nugent administers liberty in large doses. I wish I could say that the benefits derived were equal to his Lordship's expectations. It appears to me that his beneficent and elevated views have been misinterpreted by the designing, who speciously and plausibly laud his acts, while they endeavour to appropriate to themselves all the power which, for much higher purposes, he is disposed to give up. . . . You will not be surprised to hear that, in slackening the reins of government, a most fierce spirit of opposition has been let loose. The most reasonable and moderate measures, that once would have been hailed as blessings, are now stigmatised as acts of tyranny, and as attempts to impede the free course of liberty. The embarrassment this spirit occasions to those burthened with power and responsibility, is indescribable. The Greeks are now as they ever have been, as credulous as they are versatile; and they are alternately inflamed and depressed to a degree inconceivable in England. . . . Vast must that mind be, that could resist the insinuations of those who approach the head of the Government. Though possessing great acuteness, it is scarcely possible, unless possessed of great experience, painfully acquired, to penetrate the manœuvres of the designing. This is said of all courts; with how much more justice of a Greek one!’

Our Correspondent proceeds to detail a very curious instance of Greek intrigue, or rather of nefarious conspiracy, which, for the time, imposed upon Lord Nugent himself. A charge of deliberate murder was got up against the commanding officer of one of the Islands, from vindictive motives, by a Greek lawyer; to which, strange to say, credit was given at head-quarters so far as to occasion a discussion of the form of court-martial that was to try the accused,—a man of the highest honour and of distinguished benevolence. The lawyer had calculated upon the death of the poor man whom he stated to have been murdered, but who, providentially, recovered from his illness, and appeared to proclaim his gratitude to his supposed murderer for the kindness which had

saved his life, instead of destroying it. Had he died, the lawyer would have had no difficulty in getting up a surreptitious deposition, supported by witnesses, who can be purchased for a shilling a piece to swear whatever may be dictated to them; and it is impossible to tell what might have been the issue. 'See,' remarks our Correspondent, 'what a thread an honourable man's character hangs by in a demoralized country! This will prove how constitutional and legal forms may here be prostituted to the worst of purposes. Lord Nugent even said, that "a new page had been opened to him".' Will the reader believe it? The malignant authors of this atrocious calumny, as it was characterized in the Corfu Gazette, *escaped unpunished*.

Lord Nugent has been recalled from his government, and now these Islands will probably undergo another extreme change of political regimen. May the next experiments in Ionian legislation be better adapted to the character and condition of the people! What do these beautiful Islands want, to make them a terrestrial paradise, but the Light of Salvation—diffused by education and the Holy Scriptures? Political regeneration, in the absence of that Truth which alone can make free indeed, is but the dream of infidel philosophists and would-be statesmen, as ignorant of human nature as deficient in the highest wisdom.

We must not dismiss the present volume without giving a specimen of the elegant poetry which is scattered over it, and which, if not of the most finished and exquisite kind, bears the impress of the genuine inspiration of taste and poetic feeling. The following lines will speak to the heart of every reader, from the sentiments they breathe.

' Father land ! Father land !
Bright, oh bright, the sky is glowing ;
Cheerily the stream is flowing ;
In the trees with joyous ringing,
Merrily the birds are singing,
Merrily, the grass among
Sounds the shrill cicada's song.
Soft and pure the breeze sweeps by,
Laden with the lemon's sigh,
Sweet as breath of Araby !
Yet all sadly here I stand,
Father land ! Father land !

' Father land ! Father land !
Not a bosky bourne or glade,
Darkened by thy broad oak's shade,
Is so sweet as this recess,
In a southern wilderness.
Streams the sunlight gloriously,
Thro' the branches dark and high.

Gleaming now upon the ground
 Where, like pearls in emeralds bound,
 Fragrant myrtle blossoms lie
 Thrown about all carelessly !
 Garlanding the old grey stone,
 With a beauty all their own —
 And just enough of sound is brought
 To soothe and aid, without repressing,
 The silent luxury of thought —
 The soft note of the dove caressing.
 Just heard at intervals—the low
 Faint murmur of the waves below ;
 The south-wind's moaning, hushed yet deep,
 Like the hymns we hear in sleep !
 Aye ! all sweet sights and sounds are blent,
 Yet, do they bring the heart content ?
 Ask the hot and fevered glow,
 Mantling over cheek and brow !
 Ask the tears that thronging start,
 Bitter—burning from my heart—
 Alas ! I sigh, and dreaming stand,
 Of my own dear Father land.

‘ Lone, and sad, and desolate ;
 None to love, and none to hate ;
 None who bear my father's name ;
 None to praise, and none to blame.
 If I weep, none know or care !
 If I smile, no smile I share.
 None to heed my joy or sorrow ;
 None to bid me glad good morrow !
 None to cheer me through the day,
 Tho' all toilsome be the way.
 When eve's fire-side hour draws on,
 And the jocund laugh rings round,
 I listen: well I know that none,
 To echo mine, will there be found.
 None, my last good night to share,
 None to kneel with me in prayer.
 Oh mournfully ! oh mournfully !
 I think upon the past.
 And wonder why such things must be,
 Why childhood cannot last ;
 Why, just as we begin to prove,
 The happiness of fire-side love.
 To know that earliest friends are best,
 Tho' others may seem true and fond,
 To own, by our own hearths at rest,
 The worthlessness of all beyond.
 Why, then, e'en then, the storm must fall,
 Upon our roof, and send us all,

Wandering about a world of woe,
The exile's doom to undergo.
I would give up the brightest hours
That wait me in this lovely isle,
Its sunny clime, its breath of flowers—
Music that makes e'en sorrow smile.
All, all! but once again to stand
In my own dear Father land.' pp. 185—187.

Art. V. *Selections from the American Poets*, with some introductory Remarks. 12mo. pp. xxiii. 357. Dublin, 1834.

THESE Selections comprise specimens of no fewer than forty American poetical writers, besides some that are anonymous. The names of Paulding, Willcox, Willis, Sprague, Sigourney, Pierpont, Dana, Brainard, and Bryant, are already familiar to our readers. The compositions of some of them have come under review in our pages; and in our Number for July, 1833, we gave some specimens taken from a Selection entitled, "Readings in Poetry," of the poetry of Willis, Sprague, and Lydia Sigourney, 'the Felicia Hemans of America.' The present volume is dedicated to Mrs. Hemans, (the influence of whose poetry on her Transatlantic admirers is very perceptible in many of these specimens,) 'as one whose approbation the American Poet would most desire.' This is genuine and pure fame; to receive from another hemisphere the unbought and generous tribute of admiration from kindred minds, re-echoing from the Alleghaines the strains of the English harp. But it is still more gratifying to witness the reproduction of the seeds of thought and feeling which have been wafted across the Atlantic from their native garden, and having found a congenial soil, have given birth to new varieties of the same specific character. We must confess that we view with national pride the mind of England reflected in American literature, the likeness of the intellectual parent stamped upon the features of the offspring. America, it has been remarked, 'is the intellectual child of England, the inheritor of our language, our laws, and our national feelings;' and its literature must be a common stock with our own.

In the present volume, although of course there is a great inequality of merit in the various writers, and a large proportion of poetry below the highest order, there will be found many specimens of high and original genius. 'Such poems,' the Editor states, 'have been generally chosen as were thought most likely, by their descriptive power to convey, through the medium of

'common associations, forcible and faithful impressions of the striking characteristics of the New World,—the leading external features, and the internal operations of habits and institutions on the moral character!' We should have been better satisfied if the Editor had given us some account of the volumes from which this Anthology is selected, and a brief notice of the authors. We could have dispensed with criticism, if he had supplied us with the biographical information which every reader will naturally look for. Are these Poets living or dead? When did they flourish? What were their circumstances or pursuits? These are questions which those readers who are interested in their productions will naturally wish to have answered; and we regret that we are unable to supply the requisite information.

The only attempt at a critical estimate is contained in two notes, which occur in the Preface.

'If the poet is to be estimated by the indications of an intense communion with nature, and a more full and true delineation of that which is beautiful, sublime, or characteristic, within the sphere of his own peculiar walk, we cannot hesitate to award the palm to the bold and successful pen of Bryant, whose poetry is thoroughly imbued with the character, colouring, and traditions of the great Western World; neither is he less deserving of this preference, should he be estimated by grasp, fertility of imagination, or force, depth, and truth of moral sentiment. "*Divisum imperium cum Bryant Dana habet.*"'

The plain English of this bombastic application of the well-known Virgilian *jeu d'esprit* is, Bryant is the first of American poets, and Dana not second to him. One is the Jove, the other the Cæsar of the American Parnassus! The other note is cited from 'Truth,' a satire by Snelling:—

'Brainard was far superior to Kirke White as a writer; and as a man was inferior to no one that ever breathed. He wrote under every disadvantage; and, as might be expected, the faults of his writings were many. At the same time, he had the stamina of poetry. Had he received encouragement sufficient to awaken his energies, his name would have lived for ever. He was wholly unconscious of his strength, and threw off his best pieces without hesitation or premeditation. To this carelessness his literary faults must be attributed. In this, too, he is not alone among the American poets, most of whom, it seems, write as carelessly as Brainard, though by no means as well.'

Brainard has also been compared with Burns, for what reason it would be difficult to say. Comparisons are not often just to either party. We shall give a specimen of each of the three poets above mentioned.

THE SKIES.

- ' Ay, gloriously thou standest there,
Beautiful, boundless firmament !
That swelling wide o'er earth and air,
And round the horizon bent,
With that bright vault and sapphire wall,
Dost overhang and circle all.
- ' Far, far below thee, tall gray trees
Arise, and piles built up of old,
And hills, whose ancient summits freeze
In the fierce light and cold.
The eagle soars his utmost height ;
Yet far thou stretchest o'er his flight.
- ' Thou hast thy frowns : with thee, on high,
The storm has made his airy seat :
Beyond thy soft blue curtain lie
His stores of hail and sleet.
Thence the consuming lightnings break :
There the strong hurricanes awake.
- ' Yet art thou prodigal of smiles—
Smiles sweeter than thy frowns are stern :
Earth sends from all her thousand isles,
A song at their return :
The glory that comes down from thee,
Bathes in deep joy the land and sea.
- ' The sun, the gorgeous sun is thine,
The pomp that brings and shuts the day :
The clouds that round him change and shine,
The air that fans his way.
Thence look the thoughtful stars, and there
The meek moon walks the silent air.
- ' The sunny Italy may boast
The beauteous tints that flush her skies,
And lovely, round the Grecian coast,
May thy blue pillars rise :—
I only know how fair they stand
About my own beloved land.
- ' And they are fair: a charm is theirs,
That earth—the proud green earth—has not,
With all the hues, and forms, and airs,
That haunt her sweetest spot.
We gaze upon thy calm, pure sphere,
And read of heaven's eternal year.

‘ Oh! when, amid the throng of men,
 The heart grows sick of hollow mirth,
 How willingly we turn us, then,
 Away from this cold earth,
 And look into thy azure breast,
 For seats of innocence and rest!’

‘ THE LITTLE BEACH BIRD.

‘ Thou little bird, thou dweller by the sea,
 Why takest thou its melancholy voice?
 Why with that boding cry
 O’er the waves dost thou fly?
 O, rather, bird with me,
 Through the fair land rejoice!

‘ Thy flitting form comes ghostly dim and pale,
 As driven by a beating storm at sea;
 Thy cry is weak and scared,
 As if thy mates had shared
 The doom of us. Thy wail—
 What does it bring to me?

‘ Thou call’st along the sand, and haunt’st the surge,
 Restless and sad; as if, in strange accord
 With motion, and with roar
 Of waves that drive to shore,
 One spirit did ye urge—
 The Mystery—the Word.

‘ Of thousands thou, both sepulchre and pall,
 Old Ocean, art! A requiem o’er the dead,
 From out thy gloomy cells,
 A tale of mourning tells—
 Tells of man’s wo and fall,
 His sinless glory fled.

‘ Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy flight
 Where the complaining sea shall sadness bring
 Thy spirit never more.
 Come quit with me the shore,
 For gladness and the light,
 Where birds of summer sing.’

‘ THE DEAD LEAVES STREW THE FOREST WALK.

‘ The dead leaves strew the forest walk,
 And withered are the pale wild flowers;

The frost hangs blackening on the stalk,
 The dew-drops fall in frozen showers.
 Gone are the spring's green, sprouting bowers,
 Gone summer's rich and mantling vines,
 And autumn, with her yellow hours,
 On hill and plain no longer shines.

' I learned a clear and wild-toned note,
 That rose and swelled from yonder tree—
 A gay bird, with too sweet a throat,
 There perched, and raised her song for me.
 The winter comes, and where is she?
 Away—where summer wings will rove,
 Where buds are fresh, and every tree
 Is vocal with the notes of love.

' Too mild the breath of southern sky,
 Too fresh the flower that blushes there;
 The northern breeze that rushes by,
 Finds leaves too green, and buds too fair;
 No forest tree stands stript and bare,
 No stream beneath the ice is dead,
 No mountain-top, with sleety hair,
 Bends o'er the snows its reverend head.

' Go there with all the birds,—and seek
 A happier clime, with livelier flight;
 Kiss, with the sun, the evening's cheek;
 And leave me lonely with the night.
 I'll gaze upon the cold north light,
 And mark where all its glories shone—
 See—that it all is fair and bright,
 Feel—that it all is cold and gone!'

This, it will be felt, is poetry of no mean order. We leave it to our readers to settle the comparative merit of the specimens. We must, however, confess, that it is not without reason that Bryant is extolled for his 'intense communion with nature,' and his accurate delineation of natural objects. The stanzas 'to the Evening Wind' are exquisitely beautiful, both in description and sentiment. 'Summer Wind' unites the accurate observation of Clare, with the spirit of Wordsworth. The 'Ode to the Waterfowl' is new to us, and we cannot refrain from extracting it as a second specimen of this favourite poet.

' TO A WATERFOWL.

' Whither, 'midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
 Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
 The solitary way?
 ' Vainly the fowler's eye
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

' Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side.

' There is a Power, whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

' All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere ;
Yet, stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

' And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

' Thou'rt gone ; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given
And shall not soon depart.

' He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.'

Our next specimen must be from Mrs. Sigourney. The following beautiful lines require no comment. The subject and the execution will alike recommend them to our readers.

' MISSIONS.

' Light for the dreary vales
Of ice-bound Labrador !
Where the frost-king breathes on the slippery sails,
And the mariner wakes no more ;
Lift high the lamp that never fails,
To that dark and sterile shore.

' Light for the forest child !
An outcast though he be,
From the haunts where the sun of his childhood smiled,
And the country of the free ;
Pour the hope of heaven o'er his desert wild,
For what home on earth as he ?

' Light for the hills of Greece !
 Light for that trampled clime
 Where the rage of the spoiler refused to cease
 Ere it wrecked the boast of time ;
If the Moslem hath dealt the gift of peace,
Can ye grudge your boon sublime ?

' Light on the Hindoo shed !
 On the maddening idol-train,
 The flame of the suttee is dire and red,
 And the Fakir faints with pain,
 And the dying moan on their cheerless bed,
 By the Ganges laved in vain.

' Light for the Persian sky !
 The Sophi's wisdom fades,
 And the pearls of Ormus are poor to buy
 Armor when death invades ;
 Hark ! Hark !—'tis the sainted Martyn's sigh
 From Ararat's mournful shades.

' Light for the Burman vales !
 For the islands of the sea !
 For the coast where the slave-ship fills its sails
 With sighs of agony,
 And her kidnapped babes the mother wails
 'Neath the loan banana-tree !

' Light for the ancient race
 Exiled from Zion's rest !
 Homeless they roam from place to place,
 Benighted and oppressed ;
 They shudder at Sinai's fearful base ;
 Guide them to Calvary's breast.

' Light for the darkened earth !
 Ye blessed, its beams who shed,
 Shrink not, till the day spring hath its birth,
 Till, wherever the footstep of man doth tread
 Salvation's banner, spread broadly forth,
 Shall gild the dream of the cradle-bed,
 And clear the tomb
 From its lingering gloom,
 For the aged to rest his weary head.'

We have, on a former occasion, expressed our high opinion of N. P. Willis, who appears to us to rank next to Bryant among the American Poets. The poem entitled 'The Torn Hat' in this selection, (we know not wherefore,) has already been given in our pages ; also, a beautiful and touching poem, 'The Soldier's Widow', which is not in the present volume. In 'Parrhasius' there is, we were going to say, an execrable cleverness, that

makes us shudder at the sympathy between the poet and the Athenian painter. We turn from the genius it displays almost with disgust, but forgive the Writer for the sake of the following stanzas.

‘ TO LAURA, TWO YEARS OF AGE.

- ‘ Bright be the skies that cover thee
 Child of the sunny brow—
 Bright as the dream flung over thee
 By all that meets thee now.
 Thy heart is beating joyously,
 Thy voice is like a bird’s,
 And sweetly breaks the melody
 Of thy imperfect words.
 I know no fount that gushes out
 As gladly as thy tiny shout.
- ‘ I would that thou might’st ever be
 As beautiful as now,—
 That Time might ever leave us free
 Thy yet unwritten brow,—
 I would life were “all poetry,”
 To gentle measures set,
 That nought but chastened melody
 Might stain thine eye of jet—
 Nor one discordant note be spoken,
 Till God the cunning harp hath broken.
- ‘ I would—but deeper things than these
 With woman’s lot are wove,
 Wrought of intenser sympathies,
 And nerved by purer love.
 By the strong spirit’s discipline,
 By the fierce wrong forgiven,
 By all that wrings the heart of sin,
 Is woman won to Heaven.
 “Her lot is on thee”, lovely child—
 God keep thy spirit undefiled!
- ‘ I fear thy gentle loveliness,
 Thy witching tone and air;
 Thine eye’s beseeching earnestness
 May be to thee a snare.
 The silver stars may purely shine,
 The waters taintless flow—
 But they who kneel at woman’s shrine
 Breathe on it as they bow—
 Ye may fling back the gift again,
 But the crushed flower will leave a stain

What shall preserve thee, beautiful child ?
 Keep thee as thou art now ?
 Bring thee, a spirit undefiled,
 At God's pure throne to bow ?
 The world is but a broken reed,
 And life grows early dim :
 Who shall be near thee in thy need,
 To lead thee up to Him ?
 He, who himself was undefiled :"
 With him we trust thee, beautiful child.'

The single specimen of Sprague's poetry has already appeared in our pages. There is a poem by Washington Irving, 'The Falls of the Passaic,' which shews how much better his ear is tuned to the rhythm of prose, than to that of verse. Nothing has pleased us better, among the productions of the minor poets, than the following by S. Graham.

' A HOME EVERYWHERE.

' HEAVE, mighty ocean, heave,
 And blow, thou boisterous wind ;
 Onward we swiftly glide, and leave
 Our Home and friends behind.

' Away, away we steer,
 Upon the ocean's breast ;
 And dim the distant heights appear,
 Like clouds along the west.

' There is a loneliness
 Upon the mighty deep ;
 And hurried thoughts upon us press,
 As onwardly we sweep.

' Our home—O, heavens—that word !
 A name without a thing !
 We are e'en as a lonely bird,
 Whose home is on the wing.

' My wife and little one
 Are with me as I go ;
 And they are all, beneath the sun,
 I have of weal or woe.

' With them, upon the sea,
 Or land, where'er I roam,
 My all on earth is still with me,
 And I am still at home.

- ‘ Heave, mighty ocean, heave,
And blow thou boisterous wind :
Where’er we go we cannot leave
Our home and friends behind.
- ‘ Then come, my lovely bride,
And come, my child of woe ;
Since we have nought on earth beside,
What matters where we go ?
- ‘ We heed not earthly powers,
We heed not wind nor weather ;
For, come what will, this joy is ours—
We share it still together.
- ‘ And if the storms are wild,
And we perish in the sea,
We’ll clasp each other and our child :
One grave shall hold the three.
- ‘ And neither shall remain
To meet and bear alone,
The cares, the injuries, the pain,
That we, my love, have known.
- ‘ And there’s a sweeter joy,
Wherever we may be ;
Danger nor death can e’er destroy
Our trust, O God, in thee.
- ‘ Then wherefore should we grieve ?
Or what have we to fear ?
Though home and friends, and life we leave,
Our God is ever near.
- ‘ If He who made all things,
And rules them, is our own,
Then every grief and trial brings
Us nearer to his throne.
- ‘ Then come, my gentle bride,
And come, my child of love ;
What if we’ve nought on earth beside ?
Our portion is above.
- ‘ Sweep, mighty ocean sweep ;
Ye winds blow foul or fair :
Our God is with us on the deep,
Our home is everywhere.

Art. VI.—*Dissent not Schism.* A Discourse delivered in the Poultry Chapel, Dec. 12, 1834, at the Monthly Meeting of the Associated Ministers and Churches of the London Congregational Union, and preached at their Request. By T. Binney, 8vo. pp. 98. Price 2s. London, 1835.

A MASTERLY discussion of the question relating to Schism, both in its critical and theological aspect, and finally exhausts the subject. Mr. Binney's first inquiry is directed to the import of the term as it occurs in Scripture, and the nature and criminality of the schisms in the primitive Churches. Next, he examines how far separation from a church, though distinguishable from internal schism, may come to be identical with it; and whether, on this ground, dissent may not be considered as schism in relation to the Establishment. Having vindicated Dissent from the charge of schism in these respects, he, in the third place, meets, the grave accusation which involves in one common guilt all Christians who abandon the 'divinely authorised form of ecclesiastical order,'—diocesan episcopacy. In repelling this intolerant assumption. Mr. Binney shews that conscientious Dissent from Episcopacy would not be schism, 'even on the supposition of Episcopacy being right;' and he thus sums up his head of argument.

'And this is dissent. It is a stand not merely for the claims of scripture and the supremacy of Christ,—not merely for the liberty of all to consult his will and to follow their convictions, and thus to render to him a reasonable service; but it is a stand for the recognition of all as Christian brethren 'who hold the Head;' it is a stand for mutual indulgence to secondary differences grounded on agreement in what is supreme; it is a stand for substantial and visible unity, by being a stand for universal Christian communion,—for the unrestricted intercourse of ministers and churches in spite of the diversity of forms of discipline. To make uniformity of government the criterion of the church, and the basis of reciprocal intercourse and communion, is to put church-order in the place of Christ. Christ must be first, fellowship next, and *then* as much uniformity as will follow from the two. This is the principle and the spirit of Evangelical Dissent; and hence, *instead of being schismatical, IT HAS LESS OF SECTARIANISM AND MORE OF CATHOLICITY THAN ANY OTHER SYSTEM WHATSOEVER.*' p. 70.

The concluding section consists of general deductions of a practical character. In further illustration of the mild, amiable, and catholic spirit which characterises the discourse, we give the concluding paragraph.

'Finally. Let us all scrupulously attend to the nourishment and exercise of the catholic principle. Let us impress upon our minds the

necessity of "keeping the heart with all diligence, for out of it" arise "schisms" and "strifes." Let us watch over ourselves, and guard against every circumstance that may diminish candour, pervert the judgment, or poison the affections. As Christians, let us war with what separates man from God; as Dissenters, with what separates Christian from Christian. Let us seek the nearer approximation of church to church, and the ultimate recognition and union of all. Let each of us so enter into the spirit of our Faith, and so feel the propriety and understand the reasons of our ecclesiastical position, as to be able to say with boldness and truth, "I am a dissenter, because I am a catholic; I am a separatist, because I cannot be schismatical; I stand apart from some, because I love all; I oppose establishments, because I am not a sectarian; I think little of uniformity, because I long for union; I care not about subordinate differences with my brother, for '*Christ* has received him' and so will I: thus, cultivating the spirit of universal love, I am hastening, I hope, that day when the world itself shall become the church, and preparing, I trust, for that world in which the church shall be ONE—one in faith, in feeling, and in worship,—in a higher sense than can be witnessed here; while here, however, so far as the *spirit* and *expression* of affection is concerned, I am longing to witness and realize some approach to what I anticipate hereafter,—anticipate in that region where, amid the lustre and the loveliness of heaven, the jars and the jealousies of earth shall have passed away." This, brethren, *ought* to be the feeling and the consciousness of "all who profess and call themselves Christians." It ought pre-eminently to be ours. May God make it to be so, and to be so universally, by pouring down upon his church the Spirit from on high, and by diffusing and sustaining in every part of it, the strength of love and the meekness of wisdom. *Amen.*

pp. 83–85.

In the notes, Mr. Binney very properly animadvertes upon the conduct of the Bishop of London, in half retracting his discreditable recommendation of Gathercobes's infamous publication, on reprinting his Charge, but in a manner which places his Lordship in a worse dilemma than ever.

'In the first place, when any man "recommends" a book with which most other men are disgusted, the following alternative and train of reflection instantly present themselves to a thoughtful observer:—"He either read this book, or he did not; if he did, it is a question of taste; if he did not, it is one of integrity. The first, in a Christian, would be disgrace; the second, in a gentleman, dishonour." This, I think, would be as natural as it is just. If, however, it were to be supposed that the *latter* was the case of a Christian prelate writing to his clergy, and writing for the public, there are perhaps no words in any language that could express either the feelings of an honourable mind towards such delinquency, or the extent and magnitude of the delinquency itself. So strongly do I perceive this that, when I have heard it stated, by way of apology (*as I have often*), that his lordship could

not have read the book in question, but had been misled by depending on the opinion, and taking the word, of some injudicious friend, I have always expressed my hope that such was not the case, as it would certainly be rather an aggravation than an apology. What! books to be "recommended" from the episcopal bench—a *character of them*, and a *description of their contents*, deliberately penned, and sent forth to the public, as a bishop's personal judgment—which books he had not personally read! The thing is too monstrous to be thought of, or to be admitted, for a moment, as within the compass of possibility. No: times of controversy *may* warp the judgment and destroy the taste, for a while, even of a Christian; but surely this should never be attempted to be palliated by what would be a violation of principle itself. I have always thought, therefore, that it ought to be admitted by all, whether the personal friends and apologists, or the ecclesiastical adversaries of the bishop of London, that he could not *but* have read the book of which he gave an account, and to which he attached his open and voluntary "I RECOMMEND," from the very circumstance of what would be involved in his conduct if he had *not*.

'In the second place, had the 'recommendation' been suppressed without any remark, it would have been right, perhaps, also without remark, to have accepted the tacit confession of inconsideration or error. Had no explanation been offered by his lordship, I should have felt bound to suppose that he had quietly but manfully withdrawn the offensive statements out of respect to public opinion. What he has *done*, however, is connected with what he has *said*: on the latter, therefore, I feel myself at liberty to offer the following remarks:—

'First. Passing over the fact that the *authority* of the book is still sustained, it being described as 'a publication which *contains* some other instances of the disingenuous proceedings of the society in question:' I beg to ask, if any man, who had seen nothing but his lordship's 'note,' would ever dream that what he twice gently terms 'a *reference*' to a publication was actually a distinct and emphatic '*recommendation*' of it, with a statement of the *reasons* of that recommendation? 'A publication which I *recommend* as containing a *great deal of useful information and sound reasoning*.' Is this to be suppressed—softly put out of the way as '*a reference*,—a sort of passing allusion that may be made one moment, and forgotten the next?

'Second. Seeing that the spirit of a writer is always more obvious than the justness of his thoughts; that the one colours the surface, and obtrudes itself on the most careless reader of a book, while to judge of the other always requires close examination;—seeing that it is possible to perceive, at a glance, 'controversial bitterness, but *not* so to judge whether 'reasoning' be 'sound,' or 'information' accurate, and therefore 'useful,'—is it not wonderful that this process should have been completely *reversed* in the present case?—that the bishop saw, instantly, the 'useful information' and 'sound argument,' just feeling that there was '*a little too much warmth of invective*,' and that it should require 'a closer examination' for him to make out the 'controversial bitterness?'—If a man were hastily to condemn a book on account of its bitter spirit, and then, after forcing himself to bestow upon it a 'closer examination,' was obliged to ac-

knowledge that, *in spite of its spirit*, he must speak of it 'as containing a great deal of useful information and sound reasoning,'—*that* could be understood;—it is agreeable to the nature of things, and has occurred again and again; but, for *this to be reversed*, I cannot but consider as one of the most extraordinary facts in the history of the human mind.' pp. 89—91.

There we leave Bishop Blomfield, in no very honourable predicament. Let any impartial looker on decide, which is the more Scriptural bishop, which the truer gentleman,—his Lordship or the Pastor of the Weighhouse Chapel.

Art. VII. *Sacred Songs*, being an Attempted Paraphrase of some Portions of Scripture, with other Poems. By a Layman. A new edition. 12mo., pp. 108. Price 2s. 6d. London, 1834.

EVERY modest contribution of this kind to Sacred Song claims a friendly and candid notice. Any remarks upon a subject to which we have of late so repeatedly adverted, would be superfluous, and from verbal criticism we purposely refrain. We cannot flatter the Writer that he has been very successful, but many of these compositions are very pleasing; and all are above mediocrity. Perhaps we may say, that they display more taste than poetic skill, although the versification is easy and melodious. But our readers shall judge from the following specimen.

PSALM LXVII.

- ' Thou art the King of glory,
Thou art the King alone,
In everlasting story
For might, for mercy known;
The Arm, that did deliver
Our Souls from guilt and woe,
The Source, the End, the Giver,
Of every good below.
- ' Let Earth proclaim thy wonders,
Let rescued Israel tell
How dreadful were thy thunders;
How fast the Heathen fell!
Deep, through th' unfathom'd Ocean!
Thy meteor Path was spread,
The Waves, in wild commotion,
Beheld their Lord, and fled.
- ' But who shall sing the blessing,
The triumph of thy grace,
Thy love, beyond expressing,
That rais'd a fallen Race,

When Christ, from doubt and danger,
From guilt's o'erwhelming Sea.
Himself, to guilt a stranger,
Came down to set us free?

' No Thunders roll'd before him,
No Lightnings marked his birth,
One gentle Star was o'er Him,
And told the news to Earth;
Through Hell, with awe confounded,
The tale of glory ran,
Whilst highest Heaven resounded
" Peace and good-will " to Man.'

' PSALM XCV.

' O come let us sing to the Lord,
Let us heartily join in his praise,
To God, our Redeemer and King,
Glad anthems of gratitude raise.
O enter his presence with songs,—
He is Lord, He is Saviour alone;
To him every Valley belongs,
All the strength of the Hills is his own.
' The Earth, the wild Ocean's abyss,
Are the Lord's—they were made by his word!
For wonders, for mercies, like His,
Let our thanks let our praises, be heard.
O worship his Name through all Lands,
His glory, his goodness, declare,
For we are the work of His Hands,—
The People, the Sheep, of His care.'

We cannot suppress the following beautiful tribute of affection.

' TO MY WIFE;

MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE.

' I loved thee dearly in thy glow of Youth
When health and hope and smiles were on thy brow—
I loved thee dearly then, but better now;
For Time, that dims thine eye, hath shown thy truth
More excellently fair. Did ill betide,
Care wring my soul, or sickness waste my frame?
In every change I found thee still the same,
A gentle Friend and Comforter and Guide.
And now from home and thee so far apart,
With not a voice to soothe—a smile to cheer—
I feel thy worth in absence doubly dear,
And press thine Image closer to my heart,
Asking of Heaven how I shall find amends
For faith, for love, like thine, thou best of Wives and Friends.'

ART. VIII. LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

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